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## A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF AGNES HERBERT.

BY JEANNIE.

CHAPTER I.

I scarce deemed a cloud could e'er shadow,
The face of a scene so fair,
Or a tempest sweep over the meadow,
Like a lion aroused from his lair;
That the sun might go down in its beauty,
That the flowret might wither and die,
Or the wrath of the fearful tornado,
Obscure the bright light of the sky.

It is a sad era in our existence, when the trusting faith and confidence of our childhood dies out; when dark doubts of those we have loved and trusted, creep into our hearts, and distrust like a dark shadowy pall settles down upon our spirits.

As I have sat by my window this tranquil September eve, gazing out into the gathering darkness, and watching the gradual fading out of the mellow twilight, as the starry sentinels peep stealthily out from their daily hiding places, peopling the blue vault above with a merry, dancing throng, that seem to be holding jubilee over this transient suspension of the tyrannical reign of the god of day; while the pale mild moon comes slowly-toiling upwards, smiling now upon the festive scene, and anon upon her night-bound neighbor the earth, and revealing to my enraptured vision, bright gleaming hills, and shodowy dells, dotted over with neat white cottages, nestled down amid verdant shrubbery, whose white tiled roofs seem lifted upward to meet the moon's embrace, like the sweet upturned face of a young maiden for her lover's kiss, and the pure limpid waters of bright murmuring streams, meandering amid them, reflecting saucily back the silvery moonbeams that seek to bask upon their liquid bosoms; while groups of tall forest trees loom duskily up in the dim distance, like the somber back ground of a picture—I have gone back to such an era in my own life.

It was long ago, ere I had learned how much of treachery and deceit lurk beneath the world's honeyed smiles, and how much of guile and duplicity are oft hidden behind the mask of seeming friendship.

I had wandered far away from the hearthstone where my infancy had been cradled, and taken up my abode with those whom I had long known and deemed as friends.

It was a glorious spot that I had chosen for my home, a sweet cottage-like structure, with broad, airy halls, and innumerable verandas and latticed recessess, over which clambered the ivy and the honeysuckle, while around the curiously carved pillars the rose and jessamine twined luxuriant garlands—nestled down at the base of a cluster of hills that encircled it like a parapet; where Flora reigned supreme in all her native loveliness; where the skies were liquid with the soft mellow golden light, through which the sun waded with luxuriant indolence; where the air was redolent with the richest perfume and musical with the melody of the many sweet-voiced native song birds; where "grand old woods" nodded majestically to the murmur of the balmy breezes; where the proud Magnolia, the glory of the forest world shed her rich offering of snowy velvet blossoms; where bright sunny glades, begirt with roses, that seemed to have caught their tint and glow from the Parisdisean bowers, smiled up at every hand.

Mrs. Moulton, the hostess of this enchanting villa was a lively social woman, with a fascinating affable manner, that drew around her a crowd of the gay and pleasure-loving. Her tasteful saloons, decorated with rare and beautiful paintings and costly statuary, over which the soft half-shaded light from the long Grecian windows, threw an indiscribable charm, and the fairy-like grounds around, with their pebbled walks, and trellessed arbors, and mimic fountains, and sea of rare plants and choice shrubbery, formed an attractive haunt, for the genius and talent of the surrounding country; while the perfect order pervading her household, the activity of the well disciplined domestics, seeming to anticipate every wish, formed another inviting feature, to the lovers of ease and enjoyment.

Through all the bright Autumn the house was thronged with gay company; and every morning, parties of fair equestrians with long rich riding dresses almost sweeping the ground, and their graceful drooping plumes nodding to the motion of their steeds, and accompanied by noble looking cavaliers, might be seen prancing down the broad lane leading to the public road, while in the evenings, little coteries might be found scattered over the airy saloons, or nestled down in the curtained recessess, enjoyed in conversation or reading, while tableau, dancing, and all the etc., of fashionable amusements, at night made time pass on tireless wing.

I was for the most part a shy and silent spectator of these gay scenes, loving the murmur of babbling brooks, and the companionship of the "meek-eyed flowers," green fields, and balmy breezes, far better than the din of crowds, and the gay tedium of fashionable life.

Among the guests who frequented the house, was a tall, proud looking man already past the prime of life, over whom yet, the years had sped, though leaving a few light furrows on his lofty brow, and here and there a silver hair, amid the jetty mass that shaded it, without abating one whit his vigor or youthfulness of heart.

With his tall commanding figure, reaching far above the ordinary height he seemed like the proud and stately oak, towering with concious superiority above his fellows. He was a man of rare fascination. His voice was low deep and musical, and from his tongue poured forth a bate of wit and eloquenee that held the listener spell-bound at will. His eyes were large dark and penetrating, seeming to read the soul with a glance. He had travelled much and mingled in the first circles of half the cities of Europe, and high-born belles and beautiful titled ladies had lavished their smiles upon him in vain.

One day as I sat upon a rock under the shade of a spreading tree, with pencil in hand, sketching the scene before me, I was startled by a loud trampling near me, and looking up I discovered a noble, fiery looking steed bereft of rider, feeding upon the grass beside me. My first impulse was flight, but the next, the novel idea seized me of making captive the proud animal, and stealing softly behind him, I succeeded in securing the bridle which was trailing on the ground, and once secured, he became as tame and docile as though in the hands of a groom.

While I stood pondering what to do with the prize I had captured, I saw Mr. Atherton approaching from the road. He gracefully bowed his acknowledgement of the favor and his admiration of the ease with which I had secured the restive steed, and releasing me from my charge, which he informed me he had carelessly allowed to escape him, while dismounting to secure a veil dropped by one of the ladies.

He seemed in no hurry to leave me, but picking up the sketch which I had dropped, delicately complimented the taste of my selection, and the likeness to the original. And telling me he had some drawings of his own which he had sketched of romantic views, in the old world, he would be happy at some time to show me, he bowed his adieu, and mounting his steed, was soon galloping down the road in search of his party.

From that time I was the frequent object of his attentions. At first I shrank from them instinctively, content to seek out some quiet nook, where unperceived I might drink in the eloquence of that deep musical voice—and I have heard many a low deep musical voice since then,—but never a one that thrilled me so. But my reserve seemed only to stimulate him, and he sought me with the more avidity, though less publicly than before.

But often when the gayety was at its height, when soft music flooded the room, and the light graceful motion of the dance attracted all eyes, he would seek out my retreat and seating himself beside me, talk of other lands, and incidents with which he had been familiar, in glowing language, until he had completely charmed away my reserve. Or often when I strolled out for a quiet walk, alone, or with Emilia, Mrs. Moulton's niece, a pale, slender, lilly-like looking girl, who had scarce passed the bounds of childhood, he would abruptly join us and with mirthfulness and easy gayety bade me to join in his gay sallies, until my awe of him had vanished, and I could give free utterance to my thoughts and feelings.

It is little wonder, that, alone as I was in the midst of so much gayety, with a secret yearning after the companionship of a kindred spirit, and an almost holy reverence for talent and genius, such as Howard Atherton possessed, and pursuing me as he did with such delicate assiduity, that I should soon learn to look up to him with an almost idolatrous worship. Yet alone, in secret, almost unconciously, I cherished the wild emotion, without a thought or hope, that he the lion of society, could ever bestow upon me even a passing regard.

But there was one amid the company whom I deemed his fitting counterport. Winifred Leroy, the belle of the surrounding country, was the most beautiful and queenly being I had ever beheld. Her figure was tall, and graceful as a sylph. A rich mass of glossy chestnut hair was folded back from a brow of the purest marble. Her lips seemed like a parted rosebud, displaying a row of tiny pearls within. On her fair round face the roses seemed vieing for the mastery, while on either cheek, the rich deep color came and went with every passing feeling. But her eyes—those large, dark, glorious orbs, now flashing upon you with their bewildering brilliance, now flooding you with their soft melting tenderness, were her chief attraction.

He was usually the attendent of her rides and drives, and the lively repartee with which she met and parried the keen edge of his witty badinage, and the easy familiarity that seemed to exist between them, augered, I thought, a more than friendly intimacy.

One evening as I was returning from a walk, as I approached the house, my steps were stayed by the sound of low, rich music,—and oh! *such* music as I had never listened to before. It was the voice of Winifred Leroy, and she sung enchantingly, and by her side stood Howard Atherton, mingling his low deep voice with hers.

They were singing a sweet plaintive air, such music as I love best to hear—and their tones blended so harmoniously, with such pathos, such deep melting melody, it thrilled through my whole being. I stole softly to the veranda, and crept up into the recess of a window behind them, and pressing my cheek against the casement, strove to steady my excited frame, which shook and swayed to the power of the strains, while hot tears rained down from my eyes in torrents.

At last a low convulsive sob, the out burst of overcharged feeling, broke involuntarily from my lips. It reached the ear of Atherton, and he turned towards the window, but at the first movement, I threw the fleecy drapery down and bounding lightly from my seat, stole away unperceived.

But all that night those low rich strains were thrilling through my dreams, and the forms of Howard Atherton and Winifred Leroy a r yed, in bridal robes, or kneeling before the altar, were floating before my vision.

The next evening with a weary, listless feeling of loneliness at my heart heart, I stole out to a sweet rose arbor in the rear of the house, to watch the sun go down. It was one of those rich, glorious sunsets, such as are only witnessed in southern climes. The sun had reached the horizon's edge, while all the western sky seemed melted to a sea of liquid floating gold, down into which the sun like a great ball of fire was sinking, illuminating tree-top, and mountains' brow, and cottage roof, with a rich crimson glow, that in turn reflected it upon the sparkling streams and fountain jets, until all nature seemed hung with precious stones, and jewels of every hue and color.

As I sat wrapped in the glowing scene, my soul seemed to have gone out of itself, and floated away upon that molten sea, whose rich golden waves were even now engulphing the sun's disk, in its voluptuous bosom. I had forgotten the material past of me, and seemed to be only a spirit of air, an essence, basking upon the verge of that great gulph of fire and peering down into its mysteries, when I was suddenly recalled, by a deep musical voice beside me, saying,

"It is a glorious scene. Allow a lover of such beauties to share with you, the feelings inspired by this magnificent display of nature," and looking up, I met a pair of dark thrilling eyes bent smilingly upon me, and Howard Atherton sprang lightly through the opening, and seated himself beside me.

For some moments he sat thus in silence. At length he spoke.

"Agnes," he said, "the sun has gone to shine upon another hemisphere and enlighten another race of people, and twilight is fast spreading her misty mantle over us. Agnes, an orb, bright and beautiful as that which has just left us, has lately dawned upon my soul. Is it destined to shine on and illumine my weary life, or will it go down like the sun, and leave the twilight shadows, to gather around me, and settle into a night which no sun can illumine?"

"Agnes," he continued, "I am an old man. Father, mother, and sister I have laid to rest in the cold dark grave, and there are none left, to bless me with their love. Long years ago I worshipped a being of matchless purity and beauty, but ere the hour arrived that was to unite our destinies, Death claimed her for his bride. For years I wandered over the earth inconsolable at her loss.

"But time gradually softened my grief, and I have since been seeking for some pure congenial spirit, who could revive the old love-light, that had gone out with her from my heart. I came here, Agnes, and found you fresh and uncontaminated by the blight of art and fashion. You shrank from me, but I pursued you, resolved to fathom the nature hidden beneath this drapery of reserve.

"I found in you a casket of pure, true, womanly feeling. Agnes, may I not call the treasure mine? Will you not share my name and fortune, and in some sweet rural nook like this, gladden my declining years with the sunlight of your presence? Agnes, *do you—will you love me?*"

Surprised, bewildered, I could not speak. I could only gaze up into the eyes bent with such tenderness upon me.

Howard Atherton saw that I could not, but in my upturned eyes, he read an answer more powerful than words; and encircling me with his arms, he drew me to his breast, and held me there in a long, passionate embrace.

At length he said, "Agnes, my darling, speak to me, tell me that I am loved; I long to hear it from your lips."

"I love you, oh! I love you," I answered, "but you, how can you, great and gifted as you are, love *me*, a simple, untaught child of nature."

But he replied, "it is for this very simplicity and truthfulness of character, that I love you as I could never love a heartless votary of fashion. It is for your purity, your soul, your love for all that is beautiful in nature and in life, your scorn for the meager, petty baubles that engross and satisfy most of your sex, that I long to call you mine. Tell me again that you love me, Agnes."

"Mr. Atherton, I love you. As the parched earth loves the showers and the flowers the bright sunlight, so do I love you."

He bent down his head and pressed a kiss upon my lips. How it thrilled through my being. How it went with me through the brief season of bliss, and the deep waters of sorrow that subsequently closed over me. How it haunts my memory even now.

The stars were smiling out from their blue homes, before Atherton released me from the long embrace in which he had held me, folded closely to his heart. I was thinly dressed, and as he did so, a chill breath of air swept over me, and I shivered. He remarked it, and said we must return immediately, or the damp night air would give me a cold, adding, that "he must be careful of his new found treasure," and throwing an arm around me, he almost bore me towards the house.

When we reached the veranda he paused and enfolded me in another fervent embrace.

"Agnes," he said, "tell me once again that you love me, that you will be mine through life—till death."

"Mr. Atherton," I replied, "I love you entirely. I am yours if you choose it. I ask no greater blessedness than to walk through life by your side."

"Bless you, my darling, for the words," he said, "and when the spring smiles out again, I shall claim the fulfillment of your promise."

That night, after I had retired, Winifred Leroy came to my room, and bending over my pillow, kissed me, and wished me joy at my approaching happiness. And when I ventured to express my surprise, and the suspicion I had entertained of their attachment, she smilingly told me that she was herself engaged to a gentleman then in Europe; that Mr. Atherton had long known her, and was acquainted with her engagement, and had that evening confided to her his own intentions.

I kissed her and wished her a life of unclouded happiness, in return.

I slept, and again I dreamed. But this time I dreamed of dwelling in Paradise, of being lulled to rest with the softest music, while an angel robed in white, with shining wings, that bore the form and features of Howard Atherton kept guard over my slumbers.

Mrs. Moulton was loud in her congratulations, sympathizing warmly in my feelings, entering into all our schemes, and planning many a tete-a-tete ride or drive, in which however we were usually attended by Emilia, who as Mrs. Moulton said being a mere child, would be no restraint, and as our engagement was not to be made public for the present, her presence would prevent all surmise and railery upon the subject.

And oh! the bright, brief blissful month that followed. Mr. Atherton was the most assiduous of lovers. Every delicate attention that love or gallantry could suggest were mine, bestowed as he knew so well how to bestow them, in a way to awaken the most rapturous emotions of which the human heart is capable. I wondered if it was often vouchsafed to mortals to enjoy such a measure of bliss as seemed meted out to me.

At the expiration of a month, an invitation was extended from friends residing in an adjoining county to visit them. I would gladly have excused myself, but the invitation was pressing, it came from friends to whom I was indebted for many kindly attentions, during my sojourn in the country, and as Mrs. Moulton delicately suggested, another opportunity might not occur, I yielded a reluctant acquiescence.

Though I did so the more willingly, as Mr. Atherton was about leaving to arrange some business matters, and might not return before the expiration of my visit. After a fond and affectionate leave-taking in which many bright, joyous anticipations of the future, mingled with a few passing regrets at the present transient separation, I bade adieu to Montville, and took a seat in the carriage which my friends had sent to convey me to their residence.

A cordial reception awaited me, kindly efforts were made to render my stay agreeable, and in striving to forget the scenes I had left, and make a return for the courteous hospitality shown me, the days rolled slowly away and braided into weeks. The mails at that season were irregular and unfrequent, and only two or three messages reached me from Montville whither my heart was ever straying, the most important clauses in each being, "that Mr. Atherton was gone,"—"that he was still absent."

Two months, and more, elapsed before Mrs. Moulton's carriage which was to be my mode of returning, came for me.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

### Down In the Fisherman's Cottage.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Down in the fisherman's cottage,
As the evening hours begin
And the red hearth light burns brightly,
A maiden stands to spin;
Twirling her noiseless spindle,
She twists the worsted thread;
With only the night about her,
And the stars out overhead.

Lone is the fisherman's cottage
On that low and level lea,
Before it are dashing the breakers
Of a mad and moaning sea;
Wildly rises the tempest
While within the maiden sings
Of wooly lambs in the pastures
Who drink from the running springs.

Oh! why is she calm and peaceful?
For the stars have hid their eyes
Without on the rushing tempest
Comes the voice of human cries;
Why does she not watch the breakers
And say with trembling lips,
God pity the storm-tossed sailors
And save the sinking ships?

See! as the storm grows wilder,
She has set away her wheel,
There in the fitful firelight
Weeping and sad to kneel;
And she prays—God keep my father,
And guide him back to me,
Let thine arms of mercy gather
'Round the dark and desolate sea.'

Redly the log-fire burneth,
She keeps her taper bright,
They beam like a star of promise,
Out on the gloomy night;
They hopefully greet the sailors
Who toil in the tempest wild,
And ONE is tearfully saying
'It is she, my darling child.'

Manfully now the sailors
Steer by that ruddy glare,
It has saved them from the breakers
And the sharp rocks rising there;
As softly the rays of morning
Over the ocean burn,
There is joy in the fisher-village
O'er *the vessel's safe return!*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

### RELICS OF CAPTAIN KIDD.

A merry place twas said in days of yore
But something ails it now.

*Dear Merriwether:* Knowing that in common with myself and others, who have wandered to this far off land, you still feel a strong affection for the place of our nativity, from which we emigrated nearly two generations ago, I have on every occasion, when intelligence was received from the "Old homestead" whether trivial in itself or not, hastened to apprise you of it; and you have manifested your appreciation of this impulse of mine by pursuing a similar course towards me.

I have deemed myself truly fortunate of late, in meeting an old and venerable traveller, who has kindly given me much interesting intelligence concerning our natal spot, which I desire to communicate. He has been, himself, at Old Dumfries—seen its old walls—its deserted port—its Ivy and its Moss—Every thing showing decay and ruin—and nothing to indicate its former commercial grandeur and prosperity—the social refinement, wealth and intelligence of its people. The recollection of these exist only in the memories of those who once knew her in the pride of her glory, and in the hearts of those industrious and virtuous people, who yet occupy those moss-covered mansions of Old Dumfries.

"Long, long may my heart with such memories be filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may shiver the vase if you will,
Yet the scent of of the roses will linger there still."

They cherish with pride there traditions, and point with true filial zeal, to those days when Dumfries like another Venice had her rich Argosies upon the seas; when to her very doors they brought the wealthy tribute of those many lands lying between "the Indus and the Pale," in return for the rich products of Virginia soil and industry.

'Tis useless to pine for those days that we cannot now restore. The intelligence above referred to is associated with those times, and one of the actors, named, is now a veteran lagging upon the field. I need but name Major Benoniah, to bring him instantly to your memory. You recollect well the sociable light hearted Major; who was every inch a Major upon the field. Who was a prince when jolly fellows met, and who presided with peculiar grace and native dignity, whenever "mirth grew fast and fun flew furious," and who always upon the chase was "the first in at the death." But time has gotten the better of the external man. The Major is now in the "sere and yellow leaf"—the snow flakes that lie virgin white upon his head, and the furrows traced by time's iron fingers, all mark the advance of man's conqueror. But the fire of the Major's eye and the elasticity of his step, still indicate that he has not yet entirely lost all the vigor of youth.

Of all his youthful sports, the only one to which the Major has adhered is that of Angling. This he has followed for many years and still follows with all the eagerness and zest of youthful energy. A short distance to the south of Dumfries, the river bank rises to the hight of 15 or 20 feet and the water laves its very base. The summit is covered in Spring and Summer by green and luxuriant vegetation and primeval Oaks there burgeoning widely in the air, offered a delightful and pleasant retreat, whilst they added to the beauty and picturesqueness of the scene. This was the Major's favorite resort. To this spot did this devoted and faithful disciple of Isaac Walton daily repair, and indulge in the innocent past-time of his declining years. From this point, you could not have proceeded directly East, without making a detour to the left, being prevented by a ravine or chasm about thirty feet in width and from 60 to 80 in length. The descent of the ravine on the West was difficult, but from the East a matter of ease. The Major had often looked into it from his fishing point, and whilst the bottom was carpetted with beautiful verdue, yet his curiosity had never been tempted to descend to it. Strange even, the place had escaped his notice in earlier days. No one in fact had noticed or mentioned it. Accident alone induced the Major to visit the dell. A strong breeze coming up unexpectedly, carried with it the Major's hat. He was somewhat ruffled at this disagreeable interruption of his sport, but he proceeded at once to recover the same. He turned the head of the ravine and descended from the east. With the recovery of his lost property, and the pleasant and refreshing coolness of the spot, the Major recovered his calmness also. He gazed around and found matter to excite and arouse him. The evenness of surface over the base of the ravine—its elevation above the water—and that towards its mouth, presented the appearance of an over layer of a different soil. It occured to him that human hands had prepard it—but when and for what purpose? He was one of the oldest inhabitants. Nothing had been done within his recollection. This last reflection would have determined the Major to return at once to his sport, had he not luckily for us, discovered more than half hidden by the earth an object something like the end of a brick. He easily got it up from the loose earth, and saw that it was in truth as he had surmised a brick of beautiful mould and finish. Such as had not been manufactured in that country, and unlike any that the Major had ever seen. There were no marks that could be discovered, to indicate its maker or its antiquity. The Major's mind instantly launched out on an Ocean of speculation, but it was drifting without rudder, chart or compass. Possessing himself of the brick, he returned home—more elated than usual with his day's success.

That night the Major called on his old friend and bosom companion Squire Lyne, an old burgo-master, to whom he disclosed the adventures of the day, over a few drops of "native born," and amidst many and long drawn whiffs of the weed.

The Major had unbounded confidence in the practical wisdom of the Squire, and entirely believed that his judgement on any subject was the only proper one in that behalf. Although the Squire did not come up in every particular, to this measure, yet in some degree he was worthy of it. Like Moses he was slow of words—and made use of very few. And like some of the good old Dutch Governors in the days of the Knickerbockers, his judgments were the more valuable and rendered with more force and power, whilst in the actual enjoyment of the pleasures of the pipe. The Squire listened with profound attention to the Major's narrative. Never took his eye from him except on drawing the pipe from his mouth and watched the spiral wreathes of smoke as they slowly and gracefully curled away into thin air. The Major had ceased some minutes. The Squire continued to smoke. He smoked harder and longer than usual. His brain like that of the great Wouter Van Twiller was in travail. At length the Major caught the following disconnected, but to him oracular words *Old People—Captain Kidd—Pots—Gold—Ruined.* The Major returned home, with visions of Gold that night such as had never troubled his fancy before.

A California place was to be opened at his own door. He had found the purse of Prince Fortunatus; he had nothing to do, but to put in his thumb whenever he wished, and out would come a ready made Guinea.

The Major was at the place early next morning. The digging commenced. A few bricks similar to the one first discovered, were turned up. Presently the Major's heart leaped with joy as his well plied pick pierced thro' something, and entering as it were a cavern. He repeated the operation—blow after blow followed in rapid succession, each struck with more determined energy than the former. Success finally crowned his efforts. The earth gave way and fell in; an opening two feet wide was discovered, but partially choked or filled with loose earth, so that its character could not immediately be determined. The Major examined cautiously the exterior appearances. He espied the remains of an arch, which had formerly been broken, and the part so broken, covered over with dirt, and it was this portion of the vaulted roof that had first yielded to his pick. He removed the surface clay and mould from the unbroken portion of the arch, and commenced removing the bricks. They corresponded in every respect with the one which had been already found. Among those taken from the key of the arch, were two that arrested his scrutinizing attention. They were square and he thought he could discern some inscription upon them. He washed them carefully, but without result. He then applied to pick out from the letters the dirt, &c., by which they were concealed. He succeeded, but the result disappointed him. It afforded no clue to the wealth that he was about to handle. The simple inscription on the bricks, was

"Doorty,
Brick Maker to the King
George 2,
Old Fields, 1743."

This date however established the impression, that the bricks were old. After the arch was removed, he looked into the vault, which was not very large. He removed the dirt and rubbish, carefully, when at last his spade revealed to his gratified eyes a large earthenware pot. His hopes were about to be fulfilled. The sub-treasury of the great magician Prince of Ocean Rovers was about to be unveiled before his eyes. How much was it? Where was he to keep it, and what was he to do with it, and how to spend it? were the mighty questions which arose in his mind at the moment, but which there was not then time to answer. The Major did not rush to the examination of the pot, as a lover to the arms of his mistress, not that he doubted the fact of untold wealth; but the Major was a philosopher, and determined to act well his part. He would be calm and moderate in and about all things. So he proceeded to the examination of the pot leisurely and with moderation. His conduct was far more becoming and philosophic than that of the celebrated Pickwickian when he discovered the "stump brick" in Muggleton.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread." The pot or jar was taken out, but went to pieces as soon as exposed to air and light. Did Guineas fly out? No. Little pieces of paper were found! Like the gold pieces of the Arabian Prince, all Kidd's buried treasurys were turned into bits of paper. The Major was astonished. It

was some minutes ere he recovered himself. He then assumed the philosopher; and commenced an inspection of the bits of paper. They were all meaningless. But alas, amidst the seeming worthless trash, something in the shape of a Bank note appeared. He was astounded the more. He examined it minutely. It purported to be a £1. note of the Bank of England issued in the year 1781. The Major was gratified at this. It was a little balm to his crushed hopes. He returned home, and that evening sought his friend and counsellor, who, after listening to the report and after taking an unusual number of extra puffs and whiffs, slowly ejaculated "Kidd's rogues, carried all off." The affair being noised about in Dumfries, numerous were the Major's visitors, and the spot had also its pilgrims. The note was much inspected and commented on. Many doubted its genuineness. Some even went so far as to insinuate that the Major wished to impose on the community. This called forth his generous indignation. He submitted the note (immediately) to the inspection of his counsel at Brentsville, the distinguished and accomplished Col. Epsum, for his opinion as to its genuineness. Col. Epsum, with that discrimination which has illustrated his professional career, (*vigenti lucubrationes annonem,*) immediately went at the proofs. From a profund research made by him into the History of the Bank of England, he established the genuineness of the note beyond all possibility of doubt. The Major was elated at his triumph.

The proofs by which Col. E. demonstrated its genuineness were as follows, to wit:

1st. That the Bank of England issued £1, notes.

2d. That the signature of the Government of the Bank, corresponded in point of time, with that of the actual Government of the Bank.

3d. That when the £1, notes of the Bank were destroyed by burning in 1771, it was reported by the committee on Burning, that all the notes were burned except one, and that was not burned because it could not be found.

The genuineness of the note was thus determined beyond all further cavil. Major Benoniah, we have been informed, designs to present this bank note to the Virginia Historical Society, which is highly praiseworthy and commendable; where it will be preserved by that able, flourishing and popular Institution, as an invaluable specimen of Virginia curiosities, and where it will be safe from the reach of the great Mastodon of humbugs, BARNUM.

But still it is said, that the Major has not fully relinquished the hope of finding the rich treasure of the great Rover—that like the Salamancan student who dug so diligently after the soul of Peter Garcias, so nightly digs the Major after the soul of the mighty Kidd. When the eyes of human mortals are closed in slumber, when the moonbeams play upon the waters and the banks, when the bright hour of Elfin song and dance has arrived, and light-footed and gay-hearted Titania has led the fairy band to the skip and gambol on the green and dewy lawn—at such hours the light form of a human figure is seen near the ravine, and the echoes of a pick are heard borne faintly on the breeze. When heard by human ears, it is whispered, that it is Maj. B. searching for the soul of Capt. Kidd.

Should further developments relative to the Pot of Gold be communicated to me, I shall hasten to advise my friend M. of the same.

"May your shadow never grow less" and may the Devil never take a liking to you. As ever yours, &c.,

WALTER SKELTON.

Kickapoo Falls, O. L.

### The Repose of the Sabbath.

It is not merely as subject to the sorer trials and bereavements of life that the house of God has attractions to men, but also as subject to the ordinary cares and perplexities of week-day pursuits. These would assimilate the soul, and confine its motions to a hopeless worldliness, like limbs in fetters, but for the recurring liberty of the Sabbath, unbending the mind and restoring elasticity to the faculties, assuring conscience, and renewing the great inquiry, "What is a man profitted, if by the successes of the week he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Finding no rest from passing engagement, no peace from incessant cares from Monday morning till Saturday night, the care-worn and weary spirit longs for therepose of the Sabbath—the closing of counting house, office, shop and bosom, against the demands of business and the inroads of corroding care—as the traveler in the sultry desert for the shadow of a great rock, or the pursued hare for the water brook. How sweet hebdomadal rest! How delightful to look upon countenances beaming with Christian sympathy, appearing before the Lord!

"Dear is the hallowed morn to me
When the village bells awake the day,
And by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

"Oft when the world, with iron hand,
Has bound me in its six days' chain,
This bursts them like the strong man's hand,
And lets my spirit loose again."

[*House of God.*

☞ The Central American relief fund in New York amounts to $15,293.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

### THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

BY BOB. G. STAPLES.

The stars are brightly gleaming, in the azure blue
Of Heaven's arched dominion, steady, clear and true;
The zephyrs gently whisper, and night birds sing their lay
Of welcome, to the trav'ler, upon his dreary way.

A maid of golden tresses, and brow of marble white,
Sits at the open casement, where enters the pale light
Of Luna, sheenly beaming, and gazes up on high,
With eyes of heaven's own azure, and softly heaves a sigh.

A prayer those lips are breathing, in silent numbers now,
And heaven's own light is gleaming, upon her arched brow,
In answer to the heavings, of that sad and lonely breast,
As she bows the knee adoring Heaven and its behest.

She prays the guardian angel to watch o'er him away—
And keep him ever faithful until the final day;
That if no more she'll meet him, within this vale of tears—
They may meet at last in Heaven to rest from all their cares.


# THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

### ADVERTISING.

One square (12 lines) first insertion $1.00. Each additional week 25cts. The following ample deductions will be made in favor of standing Advertisements:

| | 3 MONTHS. | 6 MONTHS. | 1 YEAR. |
|---|---|---|---|
| One squart, | $ 3.00 | $ 5.00 | $ 8.00 |
| Two squares, | 6.00 | 10.00 | 14.00 |
| Three " | 9.00 | 15.00 | 20.00 |
| Half column, | 18.00 | 25.00 | 35.00 |

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding six lines—per annum, ..... $5.00


### Virginia and Kentucky Railroad.

From recent notices of the organization of the Virginia and Kentucky Rail Road Company, it appears that all the necessary preliminaries for the construction of the road have been made. The contracts for the grading and equipment of the road have all been entered into, and the contractors guaranty to have it finished in three years from the present time. Touching the importance of this road to Virginia and to the other railroads of the State, the Petersburg *Intelligencer* has the following interesting and well-considered views:

"This road was chartered some three or four years ago, with an appropriation of three-fifths of the capital stock by the Legislature. It is intended to diverge from the Virginia and Tennessee road at Abingdon, or Bristol, and strike out towards Kentucky, crossing the Cumberland Gap. The distance, we believe, is about one hundred and twenty miles. From the latter point the Kentucky Legislature has chartered a road to Danville, in that State, from which town there is a railroad connection with Louisville, via Lexington. The Virginia portion of the line was surveyed a few years ago by Col. Garnet, then Chief Engineer of the Va. & Tenn. road, and reported on favorably. It is understood that the means for its construction, in addition to the State's quota, will be furnished chiefly by Northern and European capitalists—and it is by virtue of subscriptions so made that the action mentioned in the extract above given has been taken. Much interest is said to be manifested in Kentucky with reference to the work, and we have seen it stated that one of the counties on the line had voted a subscription of $300,000. When the whole connection shall have been formed it will present the controlling advantage of offering the shortest route to travel between the West and East of all lines either finished, in process of construction, or contemplated. It will receive tonnage from the Ohio river below the Falls, and thereby escape the serious disadvantage resulting from the frequent innavigable condition of that river to which the Pittsburg & Baltimore roads are subject, and the Covington & Ohio will be, if ever completed. That tonnage taken from the deep water of the Ohio it will convey to the deep water of the James by a shorter route than any other road commands. The Va. & Tenn. Southside, and Norfolk & Petersburg roads have an immense interest in its construction, and the cities thro' which these roads pass or to which they lead cannot fail to reap the most important advantages from it.

### JOHN STANLY.

The late John Stanly, of North Carolina, was one of the most brilliant men of the old North State. Judge Gaston relates the following anecdote, to show his extraordinary readiness and intrepidity:

"When General Lafayette was expected to visit North Carolina, resolutions were introduced of a very liberal character, authorizing the Governor without regard to expense, to receive him as the guest of the State. The Assembly contained its full proportion of those economists and calculators who seek to ingratiate themselves with the people by voting against every expenditure of money, and it was exceedingly feared that if the question were taken by the yeas and nays, all these—however willing that the resolutions might pass—would record their votes against them. It was the fixed policy and earnest object of those who trembled for the character of the State to prevent that mode of taking the question. To their dismay a demand was made for the yeas and nays by a leader of the liberal junto, and if this were seconded, the constitution enjoined that the question should be so put. Mr. Stanly arose—his clear, blue bright eye with unusual fire, his outstretched arm directed to the member who had just resumed his seat, and his noble voice deep and full beyond its ordinary richness. 'Mr. Speaker,' he exclaimed, 'I thank the gentleman for his motion. I rise to second it. It is due to the honor of North Carolina to show, in the most solemn form, that there is not a man among us who hesitates to do all which that honor enjoins; or, if there be such a miscreant in our body, it is right that there should be an opportunity of gibbeting his name high on the pillory of infamy.' Not a word more was said. The question was taken, and all—even the mover of the yeas and nays—recorded their votes in favor of the resolutions.

### The Indians and the United State Troops.

About fifty years ago, a family of the name of Beckworth emigrated from Fredericksburg, in this State, to Missouri, then but recently purchased from France. Nearly the whole family was massacred by the Indians. One of the survivors, a boy, took refuge in St. Louis, and as he approached the state of manhood, enlisted under Gen. Atkinson to go to the Rocky Mountains, in pursuit of furs. He was afterwards the hero of many exciting adventures, which he has recorded, or gotten somebody else to record for him, in a book. He lived, it seems, among the Crow Indians for twenty years, and became one of their principal chiefs. As he was not restricted in the article of wives, he took unto him almost as many as the Grand Turk or King Solomon. When he left the nation, he left behind him a numerous progeny, one of whom was a chief of the tribe. His book, though we do not know, altogether, how far it is worthy of credit, is interesting in many particulars. It abounds in adventures, both of war and the chase, and gives a very minute description of the manners of the various tribes, their relative situation, disposition, strength, &c. Beckworth is evidently a shrewd observer, and knows all these matters thoroughly. By the bye, he rates the combined strength of the tribes much higher than we had supposed it possibly it could be. He says they can muster 250,000 fighting men!

We should not have thought of this book again, but for an article in the last Harper, which describes the situation of Fort Atkinson during its *quasi* siege last year.—The coincidence of the writer's views with those of the ex-chief is certainly very remarkable, and we wish we had influence enough with the government to turn its attention in that direction. They both have a poor opinion of regular soldiers as Indian fighters. We thought, indeed the truth of the matter had been established as long ago as the days of Braddock and Grant in the old colonian times. But it seems not to be settled yet. The writer in the Magazine prefers a corps of Rangers. The experience of Texas is sufficient to guarantee their efficiency. But the fact is, the army of Gen. Andrew Lewis, at Point Pleasant, of Wayne, on the Miami, and of Jackson and Floyd, in the war of 1812, were little more than Rangers. In the meantime the fate of Braddock, of St. Clair and of Dudley, ought to warn our government against too great a dependence on regular soldiers for Indian fighting.

Beckworth goes even farther than the writer in the Magazine. He says the regular troops are worse than useless—that if they are superior to the Indians, they cannot catch them; and, if they are inferior, they will always be waylaid and massacred. He thinks the moral and physical superiority of the white man over the Indian very great. But these advantages are often counterbalanced by ignorance of Indian habits and mode of warfare. The white trapper, or hunter, is a match for a half dozen Indians. He says, with great confidence, that in the event of an Indian war, he could point out the men who, in a year, would exterminate the whole Indian race, if sufficient inducements were offered. We repeat, we know not how much credit is due to Beckworth's book, but it seems to us full of suggestions which the government ought at least to take into consideration.—*Rich. Whig.*

From the Milton Chronicle.

GREENE MONUMENT.—A large and respectable meeting of the citizens of Guilford was held on the 18th ult., to consider the propriety of erecting a Monument to the memory of Gen. Nathanael Greene. Resolutions approving the object and calling on Congress to foot the bill, were adopted—but should Congress refuse the State Legislature is appealed to for aid, and if the Legislature declines, the meeting resolved to build a monument by private subscription, and for this purpose organized "The Greene Monument Association," as a preparatory step.

An insolent Virginian, on reading the proceedings of this meeting, threw down the paper and swore that "the fellows who ran, at the Battle of Guilford, or their descendants, ought to build the Monument;" whereupon we rose to knock him down, but recollecting that according to authentic history Virginia would have to foot the bill, we spared him to get his portion of the "pewter" ready.

In connection with this subject, a gentleman in California (who suppresses his name,) noticing the remarks we made some time ago on the neglect of Patrick Henry's grave, writes us thus:

"At the old Cross Roads, on the old battle ground of Guilford, reposes in neglect and obscurity the remains of Colonel Tatum, and other gallant and brave Carolinians, who fell in that memorable battle which so effectually decided the fate of the American revolution. Yet no stone is there sacred to their memory. The State neglects to do honor to her sons. In my bright, sunshiny, school-boy days, I have often lingered about their rude graves and gazed upon them with a sad heart, and wondered how the State could be so indifferent to the honor and fame of those who made her history glorious. Long years have passed since then, and I have wandered through many and distant lands—have seen the banner of my country floating proudly in the sea-ports, and over the citadels of foreign countries—and though my heart beat with patriotic pride, it was saddened with the thought that the memory of those who toiled and died for our greatness, are so sadly neglected.

A NATIVE NORTH CAROLINIAN."

### MOVEMENTS IN INDIA.

The latest intelligence from India brings the movements of the British force under Gen. Havelock, and reached England on the 17th September. The insurgents are being driven back in every conflict, by the superiority of British discipline. Gen. Havelock's force for the reoccupation of Cawnpore had in eight days marched 126 miles and fought four actions with Nena Sahib's army against overwhelming odds in point of numbers, and had taken twenty-four guns of light calibre; and that too in the month of July, in India. On the morning of the 17th of July the force marched into Cawnpore. The soul harrowing spectacle which there presented itself to them beggars description. A whole sale massacre had been perpetrated by the fiend Nena Sahib. Eight officers and ninety men of H. M. Eighty fourth Regiment, seventy ladies and one hundred and twenty-one children of H. M. Thirty-second Foot, and the whole European and Christian population of the place, including civilians merchants, pensioners and their families to the number of four-hundred persons, were the victims of this satan.

The court-yard in front of the Assembly Rooms in which Nena Sahib had fixed his head-quarters, and in which the women had been imprisoned, was swimming in blood. A large number of women and children, who had been cruelly spared after the capitulation for a worse fate than instant death, had been barbarously slaughtered on the previous morning, the former having been stripped naked and then beheaded and thrown into a well, and the latter having been hurled down alive upon their butchered mothers, whose blood reeked on their mangled bodies. Only four escaped—the wife of a merchant and three others.

Gen. Havelock, in a despatch to the Governor General, says that "Nena Sahib has drowned himself with his family. He had an intention of going to Lucknow, but when he got as far as the river, the cavalry and infantry deserted him. They are gone off after destroying their arms, to their different homes. Cawnpore is now as quiet as Allahabad."

GENERAL HAVELOCK, who has recently distinguished himself so greatly in India, is a native of Sunderland, England, and son of William Havelock, formerly a well known ship owner and coal fitter. The General, after passing through a long apprenticeship to arms in the great conflicts of North Western India, especially in the campaigns of Sir Charles Napier, holds at present the post of Adjutant General of the Bengal Presidency, a rank likely soon to be changed for the highest the service can afford.

A NEW ENEMY.—A new and dreadful enemy has taken the field against the English army in India. We allude to the cholera, which has just broken out with terrible havoc in the vicinity of Delhi. The English are more than a match for the Sepoys; but whether they are more than a match for the Sepoys, with the Cholera to back up the Sepoys, is a question that time alone can solve. From present appearances, the army in India is doomed to suffer greater afflictions than attended the army which invaded the Crimea. The cholera is one of the most murderous of enemies. It is also the most untiring and relentless. It storms castles and palaces, and keeps up its work day and night. No amount of fortification and discipline and gunpowder can resist the cholera. It is as invincible as fate, and as terrible as a thunderbolt. An army of 10,000 are as easily dissipated by this fell disease as a morning fog by a summer sun. The cholera is the Sepoys' best friend. The Sepoys can lose, 10,000 men and women, and yet the loss will not be even perceived. Let it carry off 30,000 British soldiers, and the loss is irreparable. The army would be reduced to a skeleton. To give renewed power to that skeleton, recruits would have to be obtained from England. Can 30,000 recruits be obtained in England? Doubtful.

STATE DEBT OF TENNESSEE.—We gather some valuable information on this subject from the Nashville Daily News.—The present state debt proper is $4,140,856. Besides this she issued eight & a half millions in bonds to her railroads, of which she has now in progress, 1569 miles in twenty different lines. She has agreed to issue $11,678,500 additional bonds to these roads as they progress in ten miles sections, taking a first lien as security. This makes her entire debt, prospective, $24,354, 356, of which over twenty millions go for railroads.—Each company is required, by act of the legislature, to deposit in the Banks of Tennessee the amount of interest on the bonds apportioned to it, at least fifteen days before it becomes due. In case of failure of such deposit, the Comptroller is authorized to pay the interest out of the state treasury. The act provides also for a sinking fund, requiring the company to begin five years after the completion of the road, and to deposit annually in the Bank of Tennessee an amount equal to two per cent of the bonds issued to it, to be applied to the redemption and surrender of the same to the State. The Nashville and Chatanooga company, the only one whose road has been so long finished, has paid $5,000, and will pay $8,000 more to this sinking fund the present year. The taxable valuation of the state is over three hundred millions of dollars.

☞ The first bale of new cotton received at Norfolk sold on Monday at 17 cents per lb. It was raised in North Carolina.

### AMERICA, THE OLD WORLD.

In allusion to the singular fact that the existing plants and trees of the U. States, with not a few of its fishes and reptiles, bear in their form and construction the marks of a much greater antiquity than those of Europe, Hugh Miller, in "The Testimony of the Rocks," dilates as follows:

"Let me remind you, in the passing, that antiquity of type which characterizes the recent production of North America is one of many wonders, not absolutely geological in themselves, but which, save for the revelations of geology, would have forever remained unnoted and unknown, which have been pressed during the past half century on the notice of naturalists. 'It is a circumstance quite extraordinary and unexpected,' says Agassiz, in his profoundly interesting work on Lake Superior, 'that the fossil plants of the Tertiary bed of Oeningen resemble more closely the trees and shrubs which grow at present in the eastern part of North America than those of any other parts of the world; thus allowing us to express correctly the differences between the opposite coasts of Europe and America, by saying that the present Eastern American flora, and, I may add, the fauna, also, have a more ancient character than those of Europe. The plants, especially the trees and shrubs, growing in our days in the United States, are, as it were, old-fashioned; and the characteristic genera Lagomys, Chelydra and the large Salamander with permanent gills, that remind us of the fossils of Oeningen, are at least equally so; they bear the marks of former ages.'

"How strange a fact! Not only are we accustomed to speak of the Eastern continents as the Old World, in contradistinction to the great continent of the West, but to speak also of the world before the flood as the Old World, in contradistinction to the postdiluvian world which succeeded it. And yet equally, if we receive the term in either of its acceptations, is America an older world still—an older world than that of the Eastern continent; an older world in the fashion and type of its productions than the world before the flood. And when the immigrant settler takes the axe amid the deep backwoods to lay open for the first time what he deems a new country, the great trees that fall before him—the brushwood that he lops away with a sweep of his tool—the unfamiliar herbs which he tramples under foot—the lazy fish-like reptile that scarce stirs out of his path as he descends to the neighboring creek to drink—the fierce, alligator-like tortoise, with the large limbs and small carcase, that he sees watching among the reeds for fish and frogs, just as he reaches the water, and the little hare like rodent, without a tail, that he startles by the way, all attest, by the antiqueness of the mould in which they are cast, how old a country the seemingly new one really is—a country vastly older, in type at least, than that of the antediluvians and the patriarchs, and only to be compared with that which flourished on the eastern side of the Atlantic long ere the appearance of man, and the remains of whose perished productions we find locked up in the *loess* of the Rhine, or amid the lignites of Nassau. America is emphatically the *Old World.*"

### THE STATE FAIR.

We learn from one of the members of the Executive Committee, that ample preparations are in progress for the accommodation of exhibitors and visitors at the approaching State Fair.

The Fair grounds will be put in the best order, the track for horses will be much improved, and additional stalls erected for stock of various kinds.

We learn that a number of fine horses are expected to be here, among them several superior ones of the Morgan stock.—Also, superior blooded cattle from Lynchburg, and from other points in and out of the State.

Large quantities of machinery are also expected. There will be, among other things, a reaping machine invented and manufactured in this State.

The various Railroads in the State have very liberally agreed to transport stock, implements and machinery free of charge, and visitors at half price.

We learn that Guion's Hotel, now unoccupied, will be opened for the accommodation of visitors. This house will accommodate some four or five hundred persons.

A room or stand has been specially set apart for Editors and Reporters for the press, and they are particularly invited to be present.

The Fair will commence on Tuesday the 20th of October.—*Standard.*

MURDERS:—Two murders were committed in Halifax County, N. C., last week. One an old free woman, named Patty Bird, near Weldon, beat to death over the head. John Gregory has been committed for the deed, and it is rumored that he has confessed his guilt.

The other was a mulatto named Bob Ashe, near Gaston. Bob had taken some fish, belonging to Hillard Lisle, John Shaw and James O. Chambless, for which offence they threatened to kill him. On Monday last they put their threats into execution; beat him with sticks until they fractured his skull. They then tied him and put him in the river; dragged him out and then whipped him dreadfully all over his body, and finished the murder by placing the body, on the railroad track, where he was run over by the cars.

Shaw and Lisle are in Halifax jail but Chambless is not yet apprehended.

U. S. MINISTER DEAD:—Mr. Venable, U. S. Minister to Guatemala is dead.

SPIRITUALISM EXPLODED:—To test the truth of Spiritualism, the Boston Courier offered, in May, to pay $500 to any medium who would, in the presence of a committee of scientific men, communicate a single word imparted to the spirits by the editor in an adjoining room; who would read a single word in English, written inside a book or folded sheet of paper; who would answer any question which the superior intelligence was able to answer, according to their claims; who would tilt a piano without touching it, or cause a chair to move a foot.

Prof. Agassiz, Prof. Pierce, Prof. Horsford, and Dr. D. A. Gould, Jr., all men of eminent scientific character, were appointed the committee. The best operators from various parts of the country were present, and no such opportunity had been given to the Spiritualists to prove the truth of their claims—but all in vain; no phenomena were manifested, or even attempted, for the reason, as the Courier states, that they were over-looked by men of intelligence, education, observation, experience, and integrity.

The committee, in reporting the failure of all attempts to exhibit any phenomena of which the cause was not palpable to them, say, "it is the opinion of the committee, derived from observation, that any connection with spiritualistic circles, so called, corrupts the morals, and degrades the intellect. They therefore deem it their solemn duty to warn the community against the contaminating influence, which surely tends to lessen the truth of man and the purity of woman.' And yet, there are many who place more reliance upon these pretended revelations, than upon the word of him, who is the 'God of truth!'

WORTHY OF IMITATION:—Our efficient Chief of Police, Mr. John Burdell, has had his hands full of work recently, and has brought the law and his official duties to bear in the right style and spirit. Yesterday he indicted 50 persons for retailing liquor without license, and selling the same to negroes.

The office of Magistrate Miller afforded a subject of interest to the character observer, when each of these 50 law-breakers came up for recording on the docket of the coming court.

The list of their names would rather amuse some of our readers, but we bide our time for their publication.—*Carolina Times.*

### Fayetteville High School.

The Fall Session of the Female High School, in this place, will commence on Monday next. From what we can learn, it will open with a large number of students.

This School under the management of its late excellent Principal, Rev. W. E. Pell, has already attained a very high degree of popularity and it bids fair, at an early day, to become one of the very first institutions in the State.

The location is as healthy as need be, the grounds are ample and neatly arranged, and the building large and extremely well adapted to the purposes of education.

Wm. K. Blake, Esq., the Principal elect, is a thorough Scholar, and has already established his reputation as a teacher and disciplinarian. He will be assisted, in the management of the school, by a full corps of instructors of known tact and ability.

The return of the school girls is eagerly anticipated. The departure cast a gloom over the appearance of our town, which only their return can dissipate. They add animation and beauty to our streets—the merchants, when they are about, are more careful in sweeping the side-walks, young lawyers and doctors appear less sour and disconsolate, clerks try to look killing, and, as to the craft, they all join in the chorus.

"Not the bee upon the blossom
In sunny month of June,
Not the little sporting fishes,
All beneath Summer's moon,
Not the Poet in the moment
Fancy blazes on him free—
Knows the pleasure, feels the rapture
That their presence gives to 'we.'"

*Argus.*

SHIPMENTS OF PRODUCE TO EUROPE.—The present movements in trade are peculiar. Notwithstanding the difficulty experienced in selling bills of exchange, we learn from the *Herald* that the shipments of produce from New York to Europe on Wednesday, principally breadstuffs, were valued at $197,450. Included in the shipments were 832,000 worth of cotton, 820,000 of sugar, and $15,000 of crude turpentine. A similar shipment, valued at about 880,000, was made at Philadelphia on Tuesday. The proceeds of these shipments, under the present circumstances, must return in specie. At New Orleans and Mobile large ships of cotton are being made to Europe, while from Baltimore, Richmond and Charleston, shipments of breadstuffs are also being made to some extent. Among the charter movements at New York on Wednesday, two Bremen vessels were taken up to load with American produce for Australia, including flour, &c.—*Wil. Herald.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

### TOO LATE.

BY INA CLAYTON.

Around thy name there lingers a spell
Which could I banish it might be as well
Since it were decreed by cruel Fate
That we should not meet till 'twere too late!

"Doctor," said a young Miss of the high-heeled modesty school, "Ma sent me to tell you that sister Mary Ephemia Duley Louisa Minerva Rhody Jane has got a sore above the wrist of her left foot.

A wag proposes to publish a paper to be called the "Comet," with an original "tail," every week.

## COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Oct. 7.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market.
Bacon 16½@18; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 20@; Coffee 16½, Candles, Tallow 22 @25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 1.10@0.00 Meal 1.25@0.00; Chickens 10 @15; Eggs 10; Feathers 40@45; Flour 6.00@7.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 40@50; Lard 16½@18; Molasses 75@; Nails 6@7; Oats 50; Peas, yellow 1.30@, white 130@00; Pork 7.50@ 8.00; Rags 0@3; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@ 2.50; Sugar, Brown 15@16, loaf 18½, crushed 18½, clarified 16½; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 1.00@1.10; Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, Oct. 5.
Reported expressly for the Times.
Bacon, hoground 17 @, western sides 17 @18, western shoulders 11@11, hams 15@ 14; Brandy peach 70@75, apple 50@60; Butter 28@30; Beeswax 22@24; Cheese 12 @13; Candles, adamantine 28@30, sperm 50 @60; Corn 75@0.00; Cotton 12@12½; Coffee, rio 11@12, laguira 12@13; Feathers 45@50; Flour, superfine 7.50@0.00 extra 7.75, fine 6.50, family 8.00, scratched 6.50@6.75; Guano, 1 ton $62, 5 tons $60; Hay (N. C.) 1.00@.0; Lime 125@135; Molasses, Cuba 55@58; Mackerel, 2 no. 10.00@0.00, 3no. 6.50@6.75; Nails 5@; Oats 65@00; Rosin, no. 1, 5.75@0.00, no. 2, 1.25@1.30, common 1.15@1.00; Rice 4@5; Shad 00@00; Salt, alum 98@00, sack 1.00@1.00; Sugar, clarified 11@12, P. R. 9@10; Spirits Turpentine 41 -00; Turpentine, virgin and yellow dip, 3.75 a0.00, hard 1.55a0.00; Tar 1.62a0.00; Wheat, red 1.00@0.00, white 1.15@000

NORFOLK MARKET, Sept. 28.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.
Bacon, hams 16@20, hoground 16@17, western sides 17a17½; shoulders 15a16; Beans 1.50@1.75; Buckwheat, bag 1.65@; Butter, goshen 20@25, glade 2?@26; Beeswax 20@25; Cotton 12@13; Corn, white 75@78, mixed 95@.98 yellow 97@98; Coffee, rio 12 @13½, laguira 14a14½; Candles, adamantine 26 @28; Dried Apples, ₱ bus. 28 lb, 1.75@ 0.00, Peaches, peeled ₱ bus. 40 lb, 5.00@0.00; Eggs 20@25; Flour, fine 6.25@0.00, superfine 6.50@6.75, extra 7.00@7.25, family 7.25 @7.75; Flaxseed 1.50@1.60; Guano, ₱ ton 75.00@60.00; Hay 1.00@1.25; Lard, no. 1 & 2, 17@18; Lime 1.20@1.30; Molasses 55@65; Oats 40@43; Salt, fine ₱ sack, 1.60@1.70, ground alum 1.60@1.70, blown 1.60@1.70; Sugar, refined 12½@13, crushed 14½@0.00, W. India 12@120; Shingles, heart 12 in bunch, 6.00@7.25, sap do do 4.00@5.00; Staves, R. O. hhd. 28.00@29.00, H. O. hhd. 47.00@ 00.00, do heading 50.00@00.00; Soap, brown 4½a5½, yellow 4½@6½; Wheat, red 1.10@1.15, white 1.15@1.25; Whisky 26@28; Fish, no 2, Mackerel, 8.00a9.00, Northern Herrings 6.00 a0.00, Mullets and Blue Fish, 9.50a8.00, dry Cod and Hake, 3.75a4.50.


## Business Cards.

H. C. FREEMAN,
WITH
ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STAPLE AND FANCY
SILK GOODS,
*No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.*
1856. 2-1y

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)
WITH
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS,
*No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,*
1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 531y

K. W. MURCHISON. A. J. HOWELL.
MURCHISON & HOWELL,
(Formerly of North Carolina)
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
104 *Wall Street.*
NEW YORK.
☞ Personal attention given to all business entrusted to their care. (57—1y.)

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,
COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANTS.
Wilmington, N. C. 1-1y.

J. N. WOOD,
AUCTION, COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANT,
Goldsborough, N. C.,
WILL attend to the sale of Flour and other Produce. 1tf

STERLING LANIER. SAMPSON LANIER

LAMAR HOUSE,
(FORMERLY COLEMAN HOUSE.)
KNOXVILLE, TENN.,
S. & S. LANIER, *Proprietors.*
MR. STERLIN LANIER, late of the Lanier House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lanier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 54-1y

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER,
Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Cheese, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c.
*References.*—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington: A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Boffin, of Raleigh; J. & F. Gatlin, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 8-1y.

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—Hon. T. Ruffin, John Newlin, P. A. Holt, W. R. Albright, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, A. H. Lindley, Chatham; P. C. Cameron, John F. Lyon, W. J. Bingham, Orange; John Long, Randolph; E. G. Reade, G. & H. Williams, Person. 6-1y

R. JUNIUS MENDENHALL,
Land Agent,
Will select and enter Government Lands with cash or warrants—make investments, loan money—and transact a general real estate Business throughout the North West.
Address, R. J. MENDENHALL,
(65:1y:) Minneapolis, Minnesota.

WHEAT.—THE SUBSCRIBER will pay CASH for good WHEAT delivered at the depot at this place. Bring on your samples. E. W. OGBURN, Agent for Simmons & Clark, Greensboro, N. C.
Sept., 1857.

WALDRON'S GRASS & CRADLING Scythes, Hay & Manure Forks of the best quality for sale at cash prices by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

LAMPS.
A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

BOOK MUSLINS, JACONETT, Swiss & Cambric, both figured and plain. Paper and Linen table covers, Whalebone and figured skirting, grass corded, and Hooped Skirts for sale at cash prices by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

All kinds of Blanks for sale.

# THE TIMES

*Is published every Thursday in Greensboro, N. C*

**EDITORS.**

E. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

**Corresponding Editors.**

Rob. G. Staples, Portsmouth, Va.
William R. Hunter, South Carolina.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

**THURSDAY, OCT. 8, 1857.**

**Positive Arrangement.**

*Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.*

**TERMS:**

1 Copy one year.....$ 2.00
6 Copies " .....10.00
10 " " .....15.00

☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. ☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

*Address,* OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro' N. C.


Public Address:—The second in the course of Public Temperance Addresses being had monthly by the citizens of Greensboro, will be delivered on next Monday night by A. M. Gorman, Esqr., editor 'Spirit of the Age,' Raleigh, N. C. Mr. Gorman is quite an entertaining speaker, and has spent the last eight years of his life exclusively in the Temperance cause. We hope, therefore, our citizens will turn out *en masse*, both male and female. Of the place of the address, timely notice will be given.

Educational Convention:—On next Saturday the friends of Education will meet in the Free School House in this place and organise the Guilford Educational Association, auxiliary to the State Educational Association. Every friend of the cause is earnestly solicited to be present.

Give the Old North State her due:—For years no state has been equally noted for men of "honesty and steady habits," as North-Carolina. Register your name in a Western city where people from every clime congregate; a perfect stranger, but write opposite "from North-Carolina," and your credit and your character are from that moment good. True, North-Carolina is less hasty in adopting every wild cat scheme, and following the example of her "more intelligent" sisters; but what does it finally come to? Let the Virginia Press answer, and let every son of the Old North State shout huzza!

North Carolina Credit.—The high position which North Carolina State bonds have maintained during the present financial crisis, must be a source of intense gratification to every son of the Old North State. At a time when nearly every stock succumbed to the storm, and even that of the proud "Old Dominion" touched 70, the bonds of North Carolina have maintained their position *at par*, or so nearly so that the difference in exchange would have brought them up to that exalted standard! We congratulate our friends of that State on the high bearing maintained by the credit of their commonwealth, under one of the severest tests which our public securities have been called upon to bear, during the last twenty years. It is one of which they may well be proud.—*Norfolk & Portsmouth (Va.) Herald.*

Agricultural Address.—We are glad to learn that John H. Haughton, Esq., of Chatham County, has consented to deliver the annual address, before the Agricultural Society of Cumberland, during the Exhibition which will be held at Fayetteville on the 4th, 5th and 6th days of November next.

The committee could not have selected a man better able to discharge that important duty than Mr. Haughton. His high reputation as a puplic speaker, will warrant a full attendance at the Fair, and all who will be present on that occasion may anticipate a rich literary treat.

The Farmers' Bank located in Elizabeth City, N. C., suspended last week. For a few days it occasioned much excitement, and its bills were sold at a discount of 50 per cent. This is the only bank in Noth-Corolina that has suspended, or will suspend. And this is not unexpected, as the condition of the bank has been very critical for some time. In fact it has only kept agoing by very heavy aids from the branch banks. Had the crisis delayed, perhaps the bank would have gained in a short time its original solidity as the new adminstration was gaining over the past difficulties very rapidly.

The suspension of the parent bank occasioned a considerable run for a few days upon the branch of the Farmer's Bank located in this place. But every demand was readily cashed, and a plenty more remaining in the Safe, public confidence is firm, and the bills pass as readily as gold. In fact, we know of no bills in the State we would prefer over the bills of the "Branch of the Farmer's Bank at Greensboro."

New Daily Paper:—We are in receipt of the "Daily Southern Light," a sprightly and respectable sized paper, published in Columbia, S. C., by Broughton and Walsh; Daily per annum, $4; Weekly per annum, $2.

## THE SUSPENDING POLICY.

We are confident in the belief that no banks in America are firmer than those in North-Carolina. But the question of Suspension has been agitated in some localities as a means of temporary relief to merchants and traders generally who have largely to do with banks. It is urged as a ruinous policy to push collections. Be this as it may, the managers of the banks have decided, after consultation, *not* to suspend. Outside of cities we have no doubt of the wisdom of this policy. With the other side of the question we have no experience, and we, therefore, bring in foreign evidence.

The Richmond *Whig* thinks "it exceedingly fortunate that our own Banks are amply able to redeem their issues and, at the same time, afford a reasonable accommodation to our merchants and business men. And even at the worst, it is better for a few merchants in every community to go by the board now, than for all to risk the necessary evil effects of suspension by the Banks."

New York *Express* remarks that the suspension of specie payments is hailed in some quarters as a relief to the merchants—but that if we recall the experience of '36, '37, '38, '40, and 41, we shall see what sort of relief it is. Its views on this subject are evidently worthy of serious consideration.

"Ease is the first effect—that is, some merchants are saved for the moment, but only for the moment. Specie is the true and only test of values, and the only solvent of debts—and the relief 'suspension' gives is like that of 'Rum,' 'Opium,' or any other stimulant. 'The drink' being over, *delerium tremens* comes. Hence 'the case' of 1836–7 was but a prolonged *delerium tremens*, which did not end till 1841. When the screw began to put on for resumption, the agonies of the tortured community were just as severe as if they had endured them at the start, without putting off the evil day. The relief was but temporary: the punishment lasted for years.

"Now, it is very true that Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other places where the banks have suspended, may receive temporary relief, from their ability to discharge debts in bank paper; but soon, nay, even now, the people are compelling the banks to resume—and the banks, in the process of resumption, will have to put on the same screws the merchants there have just been feeling. Every debt to New York, every debt to Europe, every debt to the Custom House and to the Post Office, must be discharged in specie, and only in specie.

Now New York insists upon and will have only specie, and the suspended banks everywhere will soon be brought to this touchstone by the people and the Legislatures about them. New York, it is true, is suffering, and must go on suffering, frightfully, from the struggle of debtors everywhere in the suspended districts,—to pay us paper in lieu of specie, and thousands will not pay. New York, therefore, will only be more exigent in demanding resumption everywhere. To have anything from Europe or elsewhere, now through us, specie must be paid. Farmers' and Planters' products must come right down to the specie test. The price of a bushel of wheat in Virginia or elsewhere, will not be the price in *paper* there, but the price in *specie* in New York. Everything must go through our golden crucible. The test is to be terrible—and everybody will suffer by it,—but it is far better to suffer now than to be suffering, as in 1836, on to 1841. It may now be a three months' bleeding,—but the patient who survives will be healthier than ever, even if he can only stand the Dr. Sangrado. The consolation is a sad one, to be sure,—but it is better to bleed to death at once than to be suffering by slow poison years and years."

## CHOLERA.

In the intellegence from India, given in another column, notice is made of the re-appearance of the Cholera, and the terrible havoc it is making in the British army.

Having seen there what the cholera will do for the insurgents, let us glance for a moment at its history. The cholera is a native of India and existed in localities for some five centuries. Being confined to localities, it did not create any great alarm till the year 1817,, when it became an epidemic, and marched around the world. In May, 1817, the disease appeared in Nuddea. It then marched to Bengal. In June, of that year, it reached Mymunsingh, on the Brahmapootra; and travelling Northwest, it appeared in July at Patna. In August it raged with terrific violence at Jessore.—Thence it reached to Calcutta; and by the 15th of September its ravages extended from the mouths of the Ganges up to the confluence of that stream with the Jumna, near Allahabad.—Moving on westward, it reached Sinde in November, and there raged with greater violence than in any other part of India. It attacked the British army, commanded by Lord Hastings, and, in a month, took from Lord Hastings' command 28,000 men.—From India it reached Europe. In 1832 it visited America, and reached the States by the way of Montreal. Since that time it has invaded almost every nation and city on earth. It now starts afresh in India. Whether it will follow its former line of march, can only be known by the future. Let us pray Providence that it will not.

## CORRUPTION OF THE PRESS.

For good or evil the public Press is a most potent instrument. Its power in forming and guiding public sentiment; in dictating to the great mass what is right or wrong; in refining or polluting the finer sensibilities, is incalculable. Great is the weight of responsibility resting upon him who undertakes the guidance of this instrument of so much weal or wo.

But like every thing else, the Press has its dependence. Its sustenance must come from the people. And while no editor should be expected to pursue a course contrary to his own convictions of justice, merely to sustain himself with those who differ in sentiment, yet a fear of offense should deter him from the pursuit of a course detrimental to the interests of the people, founded upon right principles.

Or to sum up the whole idea in a nut-shell; Since the Press has this acknowledged public influence, the public should see that it is not prostituted to base purposes. That the advertising columns shall not be filled up with humbugging schemes to tempt unsuspecting youth. That the news columns shall not be filled with reports obscence and immoral. That it shall be a sheet in every way worthy of the business room, the family circle or the parlor. The Christian Advocate and Journal, in the very midst of corrupted Presses, has the boldness and moral courage to speak the truth, defend the right let it wound whom it may. We present some of its remarks:

We gave an article recently on the corruption of the public press. The subject just now seems to be exciting no little interest, for the evil is beginning to be felt to be no longer tolerable. The plea of editors that current crimes, and especially court trials of them, must be truthfully reported, is all nonsense. They can be truthfully reported without printing every flagitious or obscene detail. The secret of the whole matter is simply the fact that some few unprincipled editors having determined to fill their pockets by ministering to the tastes of grosser heads; what was once the respectable press, has been generally seduced into the same purpose, and now each feels afraid of the pecuniary consequences, should it deviate from the shameful path, and be found behind its neighbor in such abominable "news." We think, however, that they are mistaken. Such is the loathing with which most families must witness this degradation, that we cannot doubt the success of any daily paper which, with equal diligence and ability in other respects, reforms the intolerable abomination.

The evil is terribly infectious, and has spread through most of our large cities. Our brother editor of the Baltimore *Methodist Protestant* says.

"The Baltimore press is a shade better than that of New-York, but only a shade. It is very fast verging to the same familiarity with vice and crime. No careful observer, we think, can have failed to notice a very perceptible change in this respect within the past two or three years. It is clearly within the memory of our adult citizens when the *Herald*, of New-York, was very generally execrated by what was the regarded a the *most* press, for its unblushing publications of all sorts of crimes and villainies in full detail. It was open-voiced, and said what it had to say, in plain English; the *Herald*, however, was sought for, and purchased. Its proprietors made up in dollors what they regarded as an equivalent for the temporary loss of moral standing; and now it has lived to see most of its cotemporaries come down to its own level, so that it would be difficult, perhaps, to show in what respect they are its superiors. Were this confined to New-York the thing would be less to be deplored; but unfortunately, it has spread almost throughout the country, until the whole region of newspaperdom seems to have become infected."

We admonish Christian families to purge this plague from their homes.—Seek out a good paper, if you must send to the remotest distance for it—and you had better have none than one which will be sure to corrupt the moral sense of your children.

The Charleston Banks.—We are authorized to state, says the Courier of the 1st, that at a conference held yesterday afternoon by the Presidents of all the Banks of this city, the resolution to continue specie payments was unanimous.

Decline in Flour.—The following table exhibits the decline in flour in the New York market within the last two months:

| | *July 29.* | *Sept. 29.* | *Decline.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Super. State per bbl. | $6.40 | $5.15 | $1.25 |
| Extra State | 6.75 | 5.50 | 1.25 |
| Western Superfine | 6.40 | 5.15 | 1.25 |
| Extra Western | 8.50 | 5.75 | 2.75 |
| Canadian extra | 8.25 | 6.70 | 1.55 |
| Balt., Alex. & Georg'n | 8.75 | 5.60 | 3.15 |
| Southern & fancy extra | 9.50 | 7.10 | 2.40 |

A young friend said lately, "Suppose it should happen that Mr. Green should be carried away in his balloon, so far from hence as to have to descend on some uninhabited island—how it would surprise the natives."

## European Combination against English Liberty.

The New York Courier and Enquirer is of opinion that England is at this moment threatened with the formation of a league against her by the Continental Sovereigns. To sustain this opinion, the Courier professes to have become "cognizant of certain Continental intrigues in 1849-50, which opened to us a whole volume of *facts*, in regard to the feelings of the Continental Powers towards England and the United States, which, under what are deemed suspicious circumstances, will be made manifest to the world. The United States and England are held responsible not only for the French Revolution of 1787, and all its consequences, but the universal rising in 1848 is equally laid at our doors. We, of the United States, are too far off to be easily punished; and what is more, the proximity of England to the Continent, and the direct influence which her Constitutional Government exercises upon Continental affairs, renders her more an object of hatred to the Despotisms of Europe than even the United States."

According to the Courier the plot is, while embarrassed with her Eastern difficulties, to make an attempt to constrain Great Britain in future, to abandon the protection she affords to political refugees, after which, if England is crushed, a similar attack will be made upon the United States. The Courier conjectures that the English Government has actually put to the United States Government the very significant question, whether, in the event of a Continental combination against England, for the purposes above indicated the United States would feel it her duty to come to the rescue, and that the United States Grvernment, of course, replied in the affirmative, which is a key to the non-success of Napoleon in his late visit to England, the object of which visit, it is now asserted, was to have Ledru Rollin and his associates sent out of England.—It is whispered that the meeting between the French and Russian Emperors was arranged after the failure of the mission to Victoria. As sustaining the view of an European combination, the Courier cites the declaration of Palmerston towards the close of the late session of Parliament, "that Eng'nd's steam navy was built for the defence of England, and could not be safely spared in the distant service of India and China."

The Courier's article closes as follows:

"There was, there is, and there will long continue to be, danger to England from a combination against her by the Despotisms of the Continent; but so long as our people and our Government are willing to have it understood her cause is ours whenever assiled because of her love of civil and religious liberty—the danger will be greatly diminished, if not altogether averted. Such, unquestionably, is the determination of the people; and we are happy to know, that this sentiment, so honorable to our country, so consonant to the principles of our Government, and so characteristic of our race is fully responded to by the administration of Mr. Buchanan."

We have not much confidence in the Chevalier Webb's reported European combination. That the absolutists of Europe would be delighted to annihilate that solitary stronghold of coststutional liberty in the old world, Great Britain, we have no manner of doubt, and that in the event of such an attempt, the instinct of self-preservation would compel America to fly to the rescue, is equally certain. But the amiable despots of Europe are themselves unfortunately situated over a popular volcano, which would not fail to consume them like chaff, if they should provoke a war with Great Britain, of Absolutism against Liberty. So let the Chevalier compose his agitated mind, which ever since his dinners with Lord Clarendon, has been sensitive in the extreme upon all subjects connected with the dignity and stability of the fast-anchored isle.

Rail Road from High Point to Virginia.—We learn from the Salem Press that the amount requisite to secure the charter of the Salem and Germanton rail road company, has been subscribed, and the requisite per cent, paid in; that a meeting of the stockholders has been held and the following gentlemen chosen Directors, viz: C. L. Banner (Chairmen) and R. Gray, of Forsythe; Jos. Holderby, Col. I. S. Gibson, R. D. Golding, Robert Matthews and Wilson Fulton of Stokes; and Samuel W. Dewy, of Campbell County, Va.

Col. I. S. Gibson has been elected Treasurer, and Col. J. W. Alspaugh Secretary. The books of subscription still remain open.

The road is intended to form a part of the line from High Point to the Virginia line and thence to Lynchburg. At a meeting of the friends of this extended line, held in Winston, R. L. Patterson, Esq., offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved 1st, That this convention is fully aroused and alive to the importance of building the Rail Road, chartered by the late Legislature, from High Point to the Virginia line.

Resolved 2d, That, in the opinion of this Convention, the road can only be built when there is a positive certainty that it will be carried through to Lynchburg, in Virginia.

Resolved 3, That as it may yet be doubtful whether the Virginia Legislature will charter a corresponding road meeting the Salem and Germanton Road upon the North Carolina and Virginia line, it is deemed most advisable to await the action of that Legislature, before going energetically to work to procure the requisite amount of subscriptions to build the road.

## REVIEWS.

The Indian Races of North & South America. Comprising an account of the principal aboriginal races; a description of their national customs, mythology, and religious ceremonies; the history of their most powerful tribes, and their most celebrated chiefs and warriors; their intercourse and wars with the European settlers; and a great variety of anecdote and description, illustrative of personal and national character. By Charles DeWolf Brownell.

There is a peculiar charm in Indian traditions. The mystery connected with their origin; the peculiarity in their customs and dispositions; together with the summary manner in which they have been disposed of their former hunting grounds, where equally wild with the beasts they chased, they communed in the wilderness wood, with the great Spirit, a stranger to fear or anxiety, all lend a beautiful spell, a sympathetic excitement both pleasurable and melancholy to the legends of their history. There is nothing read with more engerness by the young mind, than stories of the Red Man; and even the old dwell upon the narrations of their past history with an interest given to no other book. As great as the structure of the human body exceeds the rough built structure of rock castles, so great is the difference of feeling we experience when looking upon the wrecked remains of the great and noble Indian races and in viewing the crumbled walls of some ancient castle.

In this volume of Indian history, is collected the most complete account of the principal Indian races, in both North and South America, we have ever yet had presented to the public. The book contains upwards of 700 pages, and is illustrated with more than 40 fullpaged engravings. The work can only be had of Agents, as it is published by subscription. Mr. Stebbins, from whom we obtained the work is now canvassing this county and will be pleased to show the work to any person wsshing to buy.

The Eastern, or Old World: Embracing Ancient and Modern History. By Henry Howard Brownell, A. M.

We have seen the statement lately, made by one whose opportunities have been such as to make him good authority, that were all the books now written, and whose perusal would result in good, collected in one library, it would require the constant reading of one person for four hundred years to read the entire library. In this estimate only such books are selected as have a standard character, an intrinsic merit, to be gained fully from no other source. The thousands of novels and paper romances yearly published, and intended only for the run of a season, are not included in the estimate.

We have introduced the above statement to show the utter unreasonableness of presuming to read everything—of wishing to be fully posted up in all the details of every subject. In the department of history it is essentially necessary that every man should be acquainted with at least the leading events in the history of the world, even from its earliest period. In the work which we are now noticing will be found just the information desired by the great mass of the people, whose time for reading is limited. It is in two large illustrated volumes of over 1100 pages, and embraces the history of the Jews; Assyria; Egypt; Greece; Rome; India; China; The Mahometans; Spain; Russia; France, with her late revolutions; England, with the history and description of Australia; Sweden and Norway; Denmark; The Netherlands; Switzerland; Portugal and Italy. And a statistical appendix, embracing a description, statistical and geographical, of the countries of Europe, Asia and Africa, compiled from the latest authorities.

Notwithstanding the principal and leading events in the history of the countries above named, are given in these volumes, yet it is not proposed to make the man who reads them a thorough historian. It is not the wish, nor is it in the power of the majority of the people to become good historians. The philosophy of these historical events, the remote causes that lead to them are not essential, are not cared for by the general reader. Hence in these volumes by Mr. Brownell, we believe a great demand has been met, and the opportunity is now afforded to every man, be his time or his means ever so limited, to read a connected history of the Old World from the earliest dates of history down to the present time. From the examination we have been able to give this work, we believe its statements to be essentially correct, and take much pleasure in recommending it as a proper and select work for every library. To the man whose time is limited, it will be ample in its details; and to him whose time is more abundant and whose inclinations would lead him deeper into the details of history, it will serve as a most valuable reference book, and a great help in systematizing the relative dates of events.

This work is published and sold only by subscription. It is embellished with beautiful engravings, drawn and colored after nature; and is bound in the highest ornamental style. Price of the two volumes, marble edge, $4.75; gilt edge $5.50.

Mr. Stebbins is now in this county soliciting subscribers to this work, and persons wishing to procure a copy can only get it through him.

Address:—We learn from the Spirit of the Age, that John L. Bridgers, Esq., of Edgecombe County, has consented to deliver the address before the State Agricultural Society at the approaching State Fair. Mr. Bridgers is a highly intelligent gentleman, and well informed in agricultural matters. The public may expect an interesting and valuable address.

Economy in our Dress.—The population of the United States amounts at the present moment to about 25,000,000.—"If every individual (says the New York Herald) in this aggregate were to economise ten dollars yearly, the annual saving would be $250,000,000. By wearing our clothes six months longer the ten dollars could easily be spared, and we would not be less comfortable or respectable for the economy." This is true, and however trivial it may seem to begin in our house holds the work of removing a national misfortune, yet the figures show that a great deal can be done in this way towards that object. Industry is paralized at present, and hence we must call in economy to help us out of the difficulty.

## California News.

The Star of the West has arrived in New York, from Aspinwall the 24th. She brings 450 passengers and 1.250.000 in specie.

In the late election in California the Democrats were successful—Weller by 40,000, Stanly and Bowie by 27,000 each.

Columbia in Toulumne county has been burnt—loss $700,000. Only twelve buildings escaped destruction. In one of the buildings burned was a lot of powder, which exploded and killed 5 persons, and injured several others.

The outrages at Carson Valley have caused the formation of a Vigilance Committee.

California voted to pay her debts by a large majority.

The Grand Jury have investigated the affairs of the Mint. Harasethy, late melter and refiner, is a defaulter to the amount of $150,000.

The mining was very successful.

The Indians have murdered Mr. Ebey, collector of Port Townsend, and the citizens had captured 18 of them and would hang them.

The shipment of treasure by the Gonora, which connected with the Central America, was one million five hundred and ninety-five thousand.

Duel.—Lieut. Jos. Jones, of the U. S. A., and Luke Blackmer, Esq., of Salisbury, passed through this place last week for the purpose of settling some difficulty by a resort to pistols.

We hear or know but little about the cause of the misunderstanding. Such affairs are getting to be so common that they create no surprise or anxiety of mind, especially as they are generally bloodless, as they ought to be. Sensible people.

P. S.—We learn that Mr. Blackmer was arrested and did not pass through here.—*Charlotte Democrat.*

Cotton.—The exports of Cotton from the United States for the year ending June 30th, fell short of the preceding year by 303,149,226 lbs.; but the value of the last crop exceeded the other by $6,396,608.

## DIED,

In Concord on Saturday the 3rd. Inst. Miss LUCY CROWDER, for many years a resident of this place, and an exemplary member of the Methodist E. Church, South.

In this County, on the 5th instant, Mrs. MARTHA EDWARDS, wife of W. D. Edwards.


*A Cure for Dyspepsia.—From Hon. Solomon Foote, from Vermont.*—Washington, D. C., June 1.—Dr. Geo. B. Green,—*Dear Sir:* In your note of this morning, you ask "for an expression of my opinion in regard to your medicine, called *Oxygenated Bitters.*" It affords me pleasure to state, that from the experience, I have had, in curing a severe attack of Dyspepsia in my own family, and from the wonderful effects which it has produced in other and more severe cases, arising in families of Members of Congress with whom I am acquainted, I think it an invaluable medicine, and hope that such circulation will be given to it as will bring it within the reach of all who are afflicted with that distressing malady. Respectfully yours, S. FOOTE.

Seth W. Fowle & Co., 138 Washington Street Boston, proprietors. Sold by their agents every where.

BARGAINS—The Best and Cheapest Goods in Market, at S. ARCHER'S STORE.—The Subscriber is now receiving his Fall stock of ready made Clothing, Overcoats, Shawls, Comforts, Shirts, Drawers, Cravats, Suspenders, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Socks, Collars, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Traveling bags, Umbrellas and a great many other things too numerous to mention, and generally kept in a gentleman's furnishing store, to which he invites the attention of his friends, customers and the public. He flatters himself that he can and promises that he will offer them lower than any other house in this section of the country. These goods were bought low for cash, and will be sold low again for cash. Persons in want of such goods just call, examine and let the subscriber know that you have got the cash to pay for what you buy, and you will buy goods cheaper than you ever did before.

S. ARCHER.

East Market st., Greensboro, Oct. 7th.

DR. WM. C. SMITH, HAVING located in Greensboro, will attend all calls in town or country. He may be found at all times at his office, adjoining R. G. Lindsay's Store, formerly occupied by Dr. Freeman. (92:3m)

MASONIC NOTICE.—THE members of Greensboro Lodge are notified to attend a called meeting, to be held on Friday night 23d inst., being the Friday night before Superior Court. Business of much importance demands a full attendance. By order of the MASTER. (92:2w)

HAWKS' HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA for sale at the Book Store by E. W. OGBURN & CO.

BOARD AT NORMAL COLLEGE.

AT a meeting of the citizens, the following was established as the price of Board for the next three terms:—Board including every thing necessary, except washing and fuel, paid in advance, $6.50 per month. Paid at the end of the Term, 7.00 " Washing, .75 "

This will reduce the necessary expenses to about $105 per annum, for the highest rates. Next term commences 8c, tember 17.:

B. CRAVEN.

Sept. 2, 1856. 81-tf

LAND and NEGRO SALE in Caswell county, N. C.

ON FRIDAY, 6th NOVEMBER, 1857, I shall sell a valuable Tract of land in Caswell co., at the late residence of *Robert Swift*, dec'd, containing **500 Acres** more or less. This land is desirable in every respect, and well watered and timbered. The improvements on the land are very good. The Dwelling House is new and not quite finished. Outhouses good. This land lies about two and a half miles south of Camp Springs and adjoins the lands of Moses Simpson, John Simpson and the Widow Joseph Simpson, on the waters of Stony Creek. It is fine TOBACCO LAND. Planters! now is the time for you to look to your interest. The land is in half a mile of a first rate Merchant Mill.

On the same day I shall sell ten or twelve valuable NEGROES, and all the Horses, Cows, Sheep, Hogs, and all the other property belonging to the estate of the said Robert Swift.

Terms liberal and made known on day of sale. (90:5w) JAMES M. GARRETT.

STEDMAN'S SALEM MAGAZINE is to be the title of a LITERARY PERIODICAL, to be published monthly, in the town of Salem, North-Carolina, by Andrew J. Stedman, a member of the N. C. Bar.

In offering to the Public my Magazine, I claim for the Editorial Chair no superiority over that department of other like Periodicals; but I do claim for the talent of North-Carolina, and the South generally, that will be brought to its support, Southern patronage. And I also, as a Southern man, and the Editor of a Southern Magazine, claim at the hands of the Southern country, and especially of North-Carolina, that aid and support that will here, at home, establish, upon a firm basis, a fountain of Literature, and exclusively a Home Literary Magazine.

Many are the Magazines now published in the Northern States that are flooding the whole Southern country. There is not, (it is probable,) a county in any Southern State that is not visited by "Harper, "Graham," "Peterson," or "Godey;" while here, in North-Carolina and the South, where genius unsurpassed and unequaled reigns, the literary talent that is brought into exercise is dedicated to the support of Northern Magazines, while Southern enterprise, taste and how in humble submission to such suicidal policy of Southern contributors.

Why, I ask, cannot we—North-Carolina, the South—send greeting to our Southern clime a Magazine, acceptable for the many qualities that adorn the pages of the most chaste, elegant and polite Periodicals? It is true that the South has her Magazines; but few in number are they, and unknown, compared to the publications of the North, which every mail brings to our homes, filled with the result of hired labor, and teeming with unpardonable sedition.

Then I appeal to North-Carolina and other Southern States to aid me in my enterprise, and in promoting a literary taste amongst those upon whom, as a Southern man, I have claims.

My Magazine will be of the usual size; and nothing will be admitted to its pages but such articles as will meet the approval of the most fastidious. It shall be ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS AND PLATES of the most elegant texture, equaling in beauty and style any executed at the North.

My price of subscription is THREE DOLLARS per year, which is required to be paid in advance, as the expense to be incurred in establishing such a publication will not admit of a credit system.

☞ *The First Number will be issued 1st January, 1858.*

A. J. STEDMAN,
Sept. 1, 1857. Editor and Proprietor.

N. B.—My address until the 1st of November will be Pittsborough, N. C.—after that time it will be Salem, N. C. (91)

RECOLLECTIONS of a Life-time; Tit for Tat, a reply to, "Dud;" Magdelane Hepburn, by the author of Zaidee; Live and Learn; Prince of the House of David; Missing Bride; Spurgeon, the modern Whitfield; with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Vest and Fob Chains, Breastpins, Finger, Ear-rings, Revolvers, Pistols, Porte Monnaies and Spectacles for sale by S. ARCHER.

Annals of Southern Methodism, 1856, Dems' for sale by June 24. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing Clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have a regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work. One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making.

JAMES M. HUGHES,
March 12, 1857.

THE REVISED CODE. 50 COPIES received and for sale.
E. W. OGBURN.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!! JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

**Also,**

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by
W. C. PORTER

HESPERIAN HARP, THE LARGEST and one of the best NOTE BOOKS in use, by Rev. Wm. Hauser, M. D., for sale at the Book Store by E. W. OGBURN & CO.

CARRIAGE FOR SALE. A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to
July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

LAST NOTICE. ALL BONDS AND ACCOUNTS due Rankin & McLean, and not satisfactorily arranged by the 15 day of October next, will be placed in the proper officers hands for collection. Let all who are interested attend, without delay, to this notice and save cost and trouble. JED. H. LINDSAY, Trustee,
86—8t. *For Rankin & McLean*

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Grain and Grass Scythes, Nails, Cordage, &c. R. G. LINDSAY,
N. E. corner of Elm & Market.

A NEW CABINET SHOP—J. A. PRITCHETT would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country that he has opened a CABINET SHOP on South street, one door from the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line such as Dressing Bureaus, Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Washstands, Tables, &c.

Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.*

He is desirous that all persons wishing anything in his line would call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop. 60:1y

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

☞ The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

# THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.


WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## MEMORIES, A LIFE SKETCH.

OR

## NOTHING BUT SMOKE.

BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.

Walking along the street I espied a lot of men gathered at—corner, discussing in animated tones some popular measure in regard to local improvements. A pause in the conversation shortly occured and several of the company dropped off; I called one of them and enquired the subject of discussion, and he answered "some matter that will end in nothing but smoke."

I sat down once with a fine segar in my mouth and myself in rather a thoughtful mood; and like a philosopher, turned to the past for subject of contemplation, memory unrolled her tabletts, and a panarama of my life passed in dim perspective before my vision—and like the fire which burned upon my segar—ended in "nothing but smoke."

I looked up at the heavens, and my eyes lighted upon a cloud which floated round and round the horizon until it got opposite the sun, I expected to see it break but no, it ended in "nothing but smoke."

I sat me down by a rippling rill that sported as the waveletts danced to the shore; nature was clad in all its beauty and the little birds sang their sweet wild lullaby as flitting from bush to bush they gathered berries of beautiful red. The wild rose scented the evening breeze as it peeped from beneath its own green leaves to watch the sun go down—and I thought oh! how sadly of the days gone by—when on the self same spot, I sat not many years before, yet not alone, for there was one who drank in the evening twilight and caught the wild birds song—or nestled in her light brown hair, and many a beat of my own happy heart, and many a whisper of love was heard by that gentle girl. We sat and watched the sun go down, and the beautiful clouds o'er head, were burnished with brilliant gold—then came the blue, and then a purple hue, and then the picture grew—feint and ended in "nothing but smoke."

I have some body with me now—for there is sickness near at hand, and the city is not lighted as heretofore it was, and the streets are empty, and many halls are vacant, and the sentinel of time in the tower of Christs church tolls the hours as they pass. Here and there in the once crowded city—people are strangers to each other, all but the sick have flown, and strangers have come to watch by the bed and to bury the dead, and the cart wheels and hearse wheels rumble over the stones as they hie to the burial ground, and there with pick-axe and spade, the mound is thrown aside, and black and white—old and young—maiden and matron, mother and daughter, sire and son, all, all find their last rest, their fever has departed, but the cooling draught from loved one's hands will be given to them "never more." I had some one with me? Yes, and the soul of sympathy was given to me for her—I have hushed her tears often when my own were falling upon her head which nestled to my bosom, as though clinging there, she feared not for those whom she had left in the fated place. We wandered oft when the evening shades were gathering fast around, and when the starlight glimmered in the water; we have sat upon the boat to watch the ripples play; and now and then a fish would dart from the shore leaving in its wake a phosphorescent glow—that ended in "nothing but smoke."

"Nothing but smoke." Life is "nothing but smoke," pleasure is "nothing but smoke"—love is—no, no, that is something more than smoke,—there is a fire which often burns brightest on the lonely altar of the heart. Love is born of sympathy, a heart must feel for others, and he who feels for others most, has most of heart himself.

The tide of death has swept past; the city is lighted again, and

The church bells chime their merry peals to prayer—
But out in the silent city—
They heard no church bells there.
The mounds over many are shining
Like icebergs in the sea—
While here and there is planted,—
A simple willow tree—*
And some have nothing over them
Save the grave yards solemn stacie
And the mound the grave digg'r placed there,
And smoothed with his rusty spade.

Since the great pestilence many have passed through the iron gate, and laid them down to sleep in the green pasture; and the gentle girl who bore me company, she too has "gone home." I heard the first clod upon her coffin fall—a sickness came over me, and I hurried from the spot, but even now—when twilight gathers round, and the birds sing in the vale, and the wild rose blooms so fragrantly—I wander to the rippling rill, and "nothing but smoke" is before me—for I hear that "clod" again; and my eyes are blinded with tears. I dash them aside but they come again and I do not brush them away—for in the zephyr I hear her gentle voice whispering still to me. Is it manly to weep? It is a sight, to see the tear trickling down the cheeks of a strong man—but it is not weakness. No, no, it is the bursting forth of the soul's deep feeling, that breaks from the troubled heart, and like an avalanche rushes inspite of obstruction. Tears are tell tales of grief, that speak more eloquently than words and more powerful. They do not end in "nothing but smoke."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## SONNET * * * ABDEEL.

BY C. MURCHISON.

Beautiful cloud, since first thy cruise began
Skimming the dappled billows of the West,
The North Carolina battle-ship express'd,
Her simile on the clear Carribean,
Variable but improving, still defin'd
A Golden Eagle fann'd thee with his wings
And vapor from the boiling Geyser Springs
Diluted it to silver thrice refin'd, [tinge
As northward still ye float, whence comes the
Of color'd edge, does not Niagara
Send up his Iris brilliancy to thee,
Transform'd to every color's waving fringe
Above the mountain scaffolding ye grew,
So speed thee on thy journey soon, adieu!

### The Gulf Stream in the Atlantic.

The general description of the Gulf Stream apart from any present questions as to its sources, is that of a vast and rapid ocean current, issuing from the basin of the Mexican Gulf and Caribbean Sea, doubling the Southern cape of Florida pressing forward to the Northeast, in a line almost parellel to the American coast touching on the Southern borders of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and at some seasons, partially passing over them: thence with increasing width and diffusion, traversing the whole breadth of the Atlantic, with a central direction toward the British Isles; and finally losing itself by still wider diffusion in the Bay of Biscay, on our own shores, and upon the long line of the Norwegian coast. Its identity in physicial characters is preserved throughout the many thousand miles of its continuous flow—the only change undergone is that of degree. As its waters gradually commingle with those of the surrounding sea, their deep blue tint declines, their high temperature diminishes, the speed with which they press forward abates. But taking the stream in its total course, it well warrants the vivid description and name bestowed upon it by a modern author, of a "river in the ocean." This epithet is, in truth, singularly appropriate to this vast current; so constant and continuous in its course; and so strangely detached from the great mass of ocean waters, which, while seemingly cleft asunder to give path to its first impulse, are ever yet impressing upon it, gradually impairing its force and destroying its individuality. The *maximum* of velocity, where the stream quits the narrow channel of Bemini, which compresses its egress from the Gulf, is about four miles an hour. Off Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina, where it has gained its breadth of seventy-five miles, the velocity is reduced to three miles.

On the parallel of the Newfoundland banks it is further reduced to a mile and a half an hour, and this gradual abatement of force is continued beyond the Atlantic. The temperature of the current undergoes similar change. The highest observed is about 95 degrees Fahrenheit. Between Cape Hatteras and Newfoundland, though lessened in amount, the warmth of the stream in the winter is still 25 to 30 degrees above that of the ocean through which it flows. Nor is the heat wholly lost when it reaches, and is spread over the coast of Northern Europe. The waters thus constantly flowing to us from the tropical regions bring warmth as well as abundant moisture to our own island; and Ireland especially, upon which they more directly impinge, doubtless derives much of its peculiarity of climate, its moisture, verdure, and abundant vegitation from this source.

Were it needful to seek proof of the permanence of the great natural phenomenon of which we are speaking, we might find it at those curious passages of ancient geographers—Pomponius Mela and J. Solince Polyhister, for example—which describe the peculiarities of the Irish soil and climate eighteen centuries ago, almost as we should depict them now. But the influence of the Gulf stream does not stop even here. The climate it may be said to convey is diffused, more or less, over the whole Norwegian coast, the aspects and produce of which singularly contrast with those of corresponding latitudes in North America, Greenland, and Siberia. Other causes doubtless contribute to this effect, but none we apprehend, so largely or unceasingly. The influence of temperature of the Gulf stream upon animal life in the ocean is very serious. The whale so sedulously shuns it warm waters as almost to indicate their track by absence, while yet abundantly found on each side of it.

The physical reasons are doubtless the same which prevent this great marine mammalia from ever crossing the equator from one hemisphere to the other—a fact now well ascertained. The various species of fish, which are firm and of excellent flavor in the colder belt of the sea upon the American coast, lose all their good qualities when taken out of the Gulf Stream running closely parallel with it. On the other hand the more delicate marine productions whether animal or vegetable, which multiply and prosper by warmth, are redundant in the Gulf stream even after it has quitted the tropical regions, whence its heat is derived. The food is thus matured for the whole field of the Azores, while the huge denizon of the sea flourishes in colder waters amid the abundance so provided.—*Edinburg Review.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## OLD MAIDS.

BY J. S. CRESSY.

Old maids are not such curious things
As some would like to make them,
But whether strange or otherwise,
Depends on how we take them,
For use them well, and you will find
Them ever friendly, always kind.

But wo, the man who dares to impose
Upon an old maid's candor,
For he will get a double dose
Of woman's weapon—slander,
No words too bitter to express
Her hatred or her hatefulness.

No character e'er comes amiss,
All pass their tongue's perusal,
And of the marriageable men
They've had the first refusal,
That is—if you believe their story true,
And if you don't, why then we pity you.

### THE VOICE OF AUTUMN.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

There comes, from yonder height,
A soft repining sound,
Where forest leaves are bright,
And fall, like flakes of light,
To the ground.

It is the autumn breeze,
That, lightly floating on,
Just skims the woody leas,
Just stirs the glowing trees,
And is gone.

He moans by sedgey brook,
And visits with a sigh,
The last pale flowers that look,
From out their sunny nook,
At the sky.

O'er shouting children flies
That light October wind,
And kissing cheeks and eyes,
He leaves their merry cries
Far behind.

And wanders on to make
That soft uneasy sound
By distant wood and lake,
Where distant fountains break
From the ground.

No bower where maidens dwell
Can win a moment's stay;
Nor fair untrodden dell;
He sweeps the upland swell,
And away.

Mourn'st thou thy homeless state?
Oh soft, repining wind!
That early seek'st, and late
The rest it is thy fate
Not to find.

Not on the mountain's breast,
Not on the ocean's shore,
In all the East and West:
The wind that stops to rest
Is no more.

By valleys, woods, and springs,
No wonder thou should'st grieve
For all the glorious things
Thou touchest with thy wings
And must leave.

### A BATTLE INCIDENT.

At the battle of the Thames, a laughable incident occurred, which is thus related by one who was in the engagement:

The British General had formed his men in open order, with their cannon pointing down the road, by which the Americans were advancing. Gen. Harrison immediately took advantage of this, and ordered Col. Johnson's mounted regiment to charge at speed by heads of companies (so as to expose the least possible front) pass through the open intervals, and form in the rear of the British forces. This movement was brilliantly executed by the battalion under the command of Lt. Col. James Johnson, his brother, Col. R. M. Johnson, at the same time charging the Indians with the other battalion.

It happened that in one of the companies under James Johnson's command, there was a huge, brawney fellow, named Lamb; he weighed about 240 lbs., was a brave man, and as good humored as big,—brave men proverbially are. Lamb had broken down his Kentucky horse by his great weight, and was mounted instead, upon a short, stout, wild, Canadian pony; from whose sides his long limbs depended almost to the ground, while his bulky frame rose high above the beast—looking not unlike an overgrown boy astride of a rough sheep.

When the charge was made, Lamb's pony took fright and broke into a run. Lamb pulled until the bit broke in the animal's mouth, and all command of him was lost. The little pony stretched himself as to the work, lashed out of the ranks, soon outstripped all the file leaders and pushed on in advance of the company. Lamb was no longer master of his horse or himself, and he was in a quandary. If rolled off he would be trampled to death by his friends; if the horse rushed upon the British lines with him, so far a head of the rest, he must be killed. Either way death seemed inevitable, and, to use his expression, he thought 'he'd jist say something they could tell his friends in Kentucky, when they went home.'

He stuck both heels into the pony's flanks and urged him to his utmost speed. On they drove, some fifty yards in front of the leading file, Lamb's gigantic person swaying from side to side, and his legs swinging in a most portentous fashion—the little Canadian "pulling foot all he knew how, his tail streight, his nostrils distended, his ears pinned back, and his eyes flashing from under their shaggy foretop, with all the spite and spleen of a born devil. Just as he got within a stride or two of the British, Lamb flourished his rifle and roared out in a voice of thunder: "Clear the way, G—d d—n you! for I'm coming!"

To his surprise the lines opened right and left, and he passed through unhurt. So great was their astonishment at the strange apparition of such a rider, and such a horse moving upon them, with furious velocity, that they opened mechanically at his word of command and let him pass. So soon as he gained the rear of their position, Lamb rolled on the grass, and suffered his pony to go on his own road. A few minutes more, and he was with his comrades securing the prisoners.

## Farm, House and Fun.

A Western editor wishes to know whether the law recently enacted against the carrying of deadly weapons applies to doctors who carry pills in their pockets.

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard?

Because neither of them is satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

A HARD HIT.—A 'fast' man undertook the task of teasing an eccentric preacher. 'Do you believe,' he said, 'in the story of the prodigal son and the fatted calf?'

'Yes,' said the preacher. Well, then, was it a male or female calf that was killed?" 'A female,' promptly replied the divine. 'How do you know that?' 'Because,' looking the interrigator steadily in the face, 'I see the male is alive.'

The latest way to pop the question is to ask a fair lady if you can have the pleasure of seeing her to the minister's.

The young fellow whose girl told him she didn't want him any longer, wears a fifty-six pound weight in his hat to prevent him from growing longer."

A certain cockney bluebeard, overcome by his sensibilities, fainted at the grave of his fourth spouse. 'What can we do with him?" asked a perplexed friend of his. "Let him alone," said a waggish bystander, "he'll soon re-wive."

DISAGREEABLE INFORMATION.—Little girl—"Pa din'nt you whip me for biting Tommy?" Papa. "Yes, my child, you hurt him very much!" Little girl. —"Well then, pa, you ought to whip mamma's music teacher, too, for he bit mamma right in the mouth yesterday, and I know it hurt her, because she put her arms round his neck, and tried to choke him!"

"I say, Pat, what are you about—sweeping out that room? "No," answered Pat, "I am sweeping out the dirt, and leaving the room."

### "LOVE."

"Love is something so divine,
Description would but make it less;—
'Tis what we know, but can't define,
'Tis what we feel but can't express."

PROSPECT FOR PORT AND MADEIRA DRINKERS.—Wine bibbers, says the New York Post, must be careful how they "lay in" their customary supply of port this year, unless they wish to be *laid out;* for our advices from Oporto assure us that quantities of deleterious and even poisonous mixtures have been sent from England to the former place, to be converted into tawny port wine. The grape from which what we call port has hitherto been made, has almost entirely failed, and we doubt if a single pipe of realy, honest wine will be sent from Oporto this year.

A little stealing is a dangerous part,
But stealing largely is a noble art;
'Tis mean to rob a hen-roost of a hen,
But stealing millions makes us gen-tle-men!

WOMAN.—The condition of woman in society is one of the measurements of the progress of nations. Exactly as civilization advances, does woman's condition rise, and woman's influence in society increase. The equality of woman with man is a natural fact; but the two spheres, the male and female, are so incomparably distinct, that the equality lies in there being a female equivalent for every male attribute, and that female equivalent becomes more and more perceived and confessed, as the world becomes wiser. In man's own sphere, woman is inferior to man; in woman's own special sphere, man is inferior to woman. The domestic sphere is feminine; the political sphere is masculine. Man is adapted by nature for continuous labor of one kind; woman is liable to periodical interruptions. The two spheres are alike important and indispensable, but they cannot be compared. It is foolish to compare the two sexes for the purpose of ascertaining the superior. When one is indispensable to the other, where lies the superiority? Even if man has a stronger head it will not make him superior. Intellectual is not superior to moral character.

'Look at that!' exclaimed a returned Irish soldier to the gaping crowd, as he exhibited with some pride, his tall hat with a bullet hole in it. "Look at the hole, will you? You see that if it had been a low crowned hat, I should have been kilt outright"

One of our exchanges tells us of a lazy genius up his way, who being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, "To marry a rich widow that's got a cough.

ORANGE PEEL.—The New York Journal of Commerce, noticing an individual case within the writers' own knowledge, calls attention to the danger of eating orange peel. It contains an active poisonous oil, which jeopards life every time the peel is partaken of.

FATAL MISTAKES.—A fatal mistake has occurred at Providence, Rhode Island, in giving a dose of medicine. Mrs. Brown administered croton oil to her infant, from a phial which she supposed to contain castor-oil. Medical assistance was immediately procured, but it was of no avail.

*Wild Cherry Bark and Tar.*—by an ingenious combination with a few other simples, afford us the surest antidote known for consumption of the lungs. Dr. Wistar, in his Balsam of Wild Cherry, has produced a remedy of untold value.


SUMMER DISTRIBUTION—COMMON SCHOOLS, 1857.

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| | 12 | 23.80 | 38 | 58.48 | 64 | 20.40 |
| | 13 | 17.68 | 39 | 10.88 | 65 | 28.80 |
| | 14 | 20.74 | 40 | 23.12 | 66 | 18.70 |
| | 15 | 28.46 | 41 | 28.22 | 67 | 23.12 |
| | 16 | 34.68 | 42 | 39.78 | 68 | 24.14 |
| | 17 | 24.82 | 43 | 27.20 | 69 | 9.52 |
| | 18 | 25.50 | 44 | 17.68 | 70 | 13.60 |
| | 19 | 30.60 | 45 | 24.48 | 71 | 38.76 |
| | 20 | 7.48 | 46 | 29.24 | 72 | 18.02 |
| | 21 | 25.50 | 47 | 28.12 | 73 | 17.68 |
| | 22 | 31.96 | 48 | 24.54 | 74 | 26.86 |
| | 23 | 46.24 | 49 | 15.32 | 75 | 25.16 |
| | 24 | 36.72 | 50 | 44.54 | 76 | 15.64 |
| | 25 | 22.44 | 51 | 14.62 | | |
| | 26 | 27.54 | 52 | 28.56 | | |

84. E. W. OGBURN, Ch'n B. Sup't.

GREAT ATTRACTION AT S. ARCHER'S STORE.—The Subscriber is now receiving a superior stock of ready made Clothing, Shirts, Drawers, Cravats, Collars, Suspenders, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Socks, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Traveling Bags, Umbrellas and a great many other things too numerous to mention, and generally kept in a gentleman's furnishing store, to which he invites the attention of his friends, customers and the public. He flatters himself that he can and promises that he will offer them lower than any other house in this section of the country. These goods were bought low for cash, and will be sold low again for cash. Persons in want of such goods just call, examine and let the subscriber know that you have got the cash to pay for what you buy, and you will buy goods cheaper than you ever did before.

S. ARCHER.

East Market st., Greensboro, April 1, 1857.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.—The subscriber being desirous of selling out, offers to the public his very valuable Plantation on which he now lives, situated on the Danville Road 10 miles from Greensboro. The tract is well timbered, well watered, has good bottom land, and has a good Dwelling House and all the necessary out buildings to render a farm residence pleasant, with a very good well in the yard. The Tract contains between 250 and 300 acres of Land.

It will be sold at private sale on reasonable terms and payments arranged to suit the purchaser. WM. D. SMITH.

July 13, 1857. 80-tf.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS,

Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.

The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.

January 1, 1856. 1-1y.

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.

*July*, 1856.

Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.

Also,

Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes, } Corn & Cob
Sinclair's Little Champion, & } Crushers.
Leavelt's improved Young America. }
McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.
Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added. JAMES M. TOWLES,

(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE, having settled in Greensboro', where she expects to carry on Bleaching, Cutting, Triming and Shaping of Bonnets, flatters herself from her long experience in the business, that she can give satisfaction to all who may give her a call. She can make the most ill-shaped Bonnet look as bright as if new. She is prepared to furnish the most fashionable Trimmings.

All work sent from a distance shall be promptly attended to. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction.

Call in the corner house in the rear of Messrs. J. & F. GARRETT'S STORE. (44:tf)

Notice! VALUABLE Land Sale in Caswell Co., N. C.

ON TUESDAY, 3rd NOVEMBER, 1857, we shall offer for sale the land of *Thomas Garrett*, dec'd, one of the most valuable Tracts in the country, containing some **690 Acres** more or less. This land is situated on the public road leading from High Rock to Yanceyville, 1 mile from Camp Spring Meeting House, 6 miles from Neel's Store, and 13 miles from Yanceyville. It is one of the most desirable locations in Caswell county, well watered and about half *HEAVILY TIMBERED* with the best Oak and Poplar, and within half a mile of a good Saw Mill. There is also one of the best *ORCHARDS* on the premises in the county. The said Land adjoins the lands of the late Thomas Williamson, dec'd, and the land formerly owned by Thomas Reid, Esq., on the Country Line, and Moses Simpson and John Henry Simpson. It is not often that such valuable TOBACCO LAND as this can be bought in the county. Planters look out for yourselves. Mr. John Henry Simpson will show the land to parties wishing to see it. On the same day *all of the property* that the said Thomas Garrett died in possession of, will be sold. A lot of NEGROES, Horses, Cows, Sheep, Hogs, Corn, Wheat, and many other articles too tedious to mention. Terms liberal and made known on day of sale.

(99::5w) J. & F. GARRETT.

***Weekly Raleigh Standard; Milton Chronicle; and Danville Republican copy 1 month and send account to this office.

A New Book.

The Old North State in 1776; SECOND SERIES, by E. W. Caruthers, D.D., just published, and for sale by

Aug., 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

HAND VICES, BEEF MALLS, German, Blister & Cast Steel, Wheat, Meal, & Sand Sieves, received and for sale by June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

COLLINS & Co. GENUINE Hartford Axes, for sale at cash prices by June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

PROSPECTUS OF THE NORTH CAROLINA JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—At the recent meeting of the N. C. Educational Association, in Warrenton, the undersigned were appointed a committee to make the necessary arrangements for publishing a monthly Journal, with the above title.

Having made arrangements for issuing the first No. in September next, they call, with confidence, upon the friends of Education throughout the State, and especially upon Teachers and School Officers, to send subscriptions immediately, that they may be enabled to go on with the work. They feel assured that, if those, who have the educational interests of our State at heart, will exert themselves, the number of subscribers, requisite to insure complete success, can be secured within one week, after the publication of this prospectus.

The Journal is to be devoted entirely to the interests of Education, and will be published under the auspices of the State Educational Association. It will be the organ of the Association and of all affiliated or subordinate Associations in the State. It will labor to promote the great cause of Education, in all its grades, as *one cause;* and to foster a general sympathy between teachers and officers of Common Schools, Academies and Colleges, as co-laborers in that *one great cause.* It will strive to advance the interests of the COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM OF THE STATE, as underlying all other interests, and sustaining, on its vast granite base, our great educational structure, and will furnish a channel of communication between the General Superintendent of Common Schools and those who feel an interest in their welfare. The Journal will be edited by a Board of Editors, composed of C. H. wiley, Superintendent of Common Schools, and a number of the leading Teachers of the State, and one local Editor, who will receive all communications and superintend the publication.

All communications should be addressed to *the Editor of the Journal of Education, Greensboro, N. C.*

TERMS:—The Journal will be published monthly, in magazine form, in handsome style, and will contain 48 pages, at *the following rates:*

One copy, one year,.....$2
Six copies, " " (to one address).....10

Subscriptions required invariably *in advance,* and receipts sent in the first No.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

| | *One year.* | *6 months.* | *3 months.* | *1 month.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| One page | $75..... | $40..... | $22..... | $8 |
| Half " | 40..... | 22..... | 12..... | 5 |
| ¼ " | 22..... | 12..... | 7..... | 3 |
| 16 lines | 12..... | 7..... | 4..... | 2 |

Advertisements by the year payable quarterly. All others monthly.

Teachers sending $50 for 25 subscribers will be entitled to advertisements of their Schools, of 16 lines, for one year.

There are at all times a number of Schools of all grades, needing teachers and of teachers who want situations; and it is not at all uncommon for parties situated to advertise their desires and wants in papers not expressly devoted to the cause of Education. If all such, by general consent, would keep standing notices in the Journal, it would be an easy matter for teachers to find out all vacant situations, and for Committees and Trustees to learn the address of all teachers wanting places.

It is, therefore, the desire of the conductors of the Journal to publish a Directory of this kind, and to all who will furnish standing notices of their wants very liberal deductions will be made from the usual advertising rates.

☞ The papers of the State are respectfully requested to publish this Prospectus and thus aid in advancing the cause of Education.

C. H. WILEY, } Committee
G. W. BROOKS, } of the N. C.
C. C. COLE, } Educational Association.
W. W. HOLDEN. }
WM. ROBINSON, }

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—Important Announcement to all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the vice of Onanism, or Self Abuse, &c., &c.

The Howard Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, have directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all persons thus afflicted, who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty and suffering, to furnish Medicines *free of charge.*

The Howard Association is a benevolent Institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with "Virulent and Epidemic Diseases." It has now a surplus of means, which the Directors have voted to expend in advertising the above notice. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

Just published, by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the vice of Onanism, Masturbation or Self Abuse, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed envelope,) *free of charge,* on the receipt of *TWO STAMPS* for postage.

Address, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President.
GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary. (59:1y)

NEW BOOKS—JUST RECEIVED.—The Star and Cloud, or a Daughter's Love, by A. S. Poe; The Artist's Bride, or the Pawn Broker's Heir, Bennet; The American Citizen, Hopkins; The Violet, or the Cross and the Crown, McIntosh; Life of Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy, Stewart; Poems of Ossian; Old Horne, the Pawn-Broker, or the Orphan's Legacy; My last Cruise, or Where we went and What we saw, Huberstham; The Rangers and the Regulators of the Tanaha; Vicar of Wakefield, Goldsmith; Hood's Poems; Longfellow's Poems; Counsel to the Awakened, or Path of Safety; Poems National and Patriotic by Cutter; Torrey's Interest Tables; The Prince of the House of David, Patton; Humorous Poetry of the English Language; Eliza Cook's Poems; Bancroft's History of the United States, six volumes; Cyclopædia of American Literature, Duyckinck; &c., &c.

At the Book Store by
April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

MARBLE YARD,
NORTH STREET OPPOSITE HOPKINS HOTEL,
Greensboro, N. C.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a Marble Shop a few doors North of the Court House, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of MONUMENTS, TOMBS and GRAVE STONES, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. He flatters himself that for workmanship he will give satisfaction to the most fastidious. He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

GEO. HEINRICH.

Feb. 2, 1857. (57:1y.)

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!! The public are informed that the subscriber is at work at his old stand on West Market Street and ready to receive orders, for anything in his line of business which will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. The character of his work is too well known in this and surrounding counties to make it necessary to say more than, he will do his best on all work he engages to make.

A Full Supply of Metalic Coffins from 2 feet 6 inches to 6 feet 4 inches in lenght. Coffins made to order on short notice.

"You will take due notice thereof and govern yourself accordingly."

P. THURSTON, *Agent.*

July 1, 1857.

New Books just received at the Book Store.

Lena Rivers, Mrs. M. J. Holmes.
The Heiress of Greenhurst, Mrs. Stephenson.
Adam Graeme of Mossgray, by the Author of Zaidee.
Indigenous Races of the Earth.
Inquire Within, or 3700 facts for the people.
For sale by E. W. OGBURN & Co.
June 24.

All kinds of Blanks for Sale.

TO MECHANICS, INVENTORS AND MANUFACTURERS.

In announcing the THIRTEENTH Annual Volume of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the Publishers respectfully inform the public that in order to increase and stimulate the formation of clubs, they propose to offer *one thousand five hundred dollars in Cash Premiums* for the fifteen largest lists of subscribers sent in by the 1st of January, 1858; said premiums to be distributed as follows:—

For the largest list, $300; 2d, 250; 3d, 200; 4th, 150; 5th, 100; 6th, 90; 7th, 80; 8th, 70; 9th, 60; 10th, 50; 11th, 40; 12th, 35; 13th, 30; 14th, 25; 15th, $20.

Names of subscribers can be sent in at different times and from different Post Offices. The cash will be paid to the orders of the successful competitors, immediately after the 1st of January, 1858.

Southern, Western and Canada money will be taken for subscriptions. Canadian subscribers will please to remit Twenty-six cents *extra* on each year's subscription to pre-pay postage.

*TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.*—Two Dollars a year, or One Dollar for six months.

*Club Rates.*—Five copies, for six months, $4; five copies, for twelve months, $8; ten copies, for six months, $8; ten copies for twelve months, $15; twenty copies for twelve months, $28.

For all Clubs of Twenty and over, the yearly subscription is only $1.40.

The new volume will be printed upon fine paper with new type.

The general character of the Scientific American is well known, and, as heretofore, it will be chiefly devoted to the promulgation of information relating to the various *Mechanical and Chemical Arts, Manufactures, Agriculture, Patents, Inventions, Engineering, Mill Work,* and all interests which the light of *Practical Science* is calculated to advance. It is issued weekly, in form for binding; it contains annually from 500 to 600 finely executed Engravings, and Notices of American and European Improvements, together with an Official List of American Patent Claims published weekly in advance of all other papers.

It is the aim of the Editors of the Scientific American to present all subjects discussed in its columns in a practical and popular form. They will also endeavor to maintain a candid fearlessness in combating and exposing false theories and practices in Scientific and Mechanical matters, and thus preserve the character of the Scientific American as a reliable Encyclopædia of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent gratis to any part of the country.

MUNN & CO., Publishers and Patent Agents,
(90) No. 128 Fulton street, N. Y.

NOTICE—THE SUBSCRIBER is now prepared to furnish a superior quality of fancy Dress, Opery and Waterproof Boots, footing, &c. and will be sold very low for cash. He cannot do business unless he has money to make payments.

H. H. BRADY.

Greensboro, July 15. (80::3m)

Cabinet Furniture AND COTTAGE BEDSTEADS, MANUFACTURED BY JOS. SEARS.

THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Sycamore.

Greensboro, N. C. 22:7m

W. GILMORE SIMMS' WORKS, Complete, New and Revised Editions, with Illustrations. **Revolutionary Tales**—The Partisan; Mellichampe; Katharine Walton; The Scout; Woodcraft, The Forayers Eutaw; **Border Romances**—Guy Rivers; Richard Hurdis; Border Beagles; Charlemont; Beauchampe; Confession; The Yemassee; Southword, Ho! **Poems**—In two volumes. At the Book Store by

April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

OAK RIDGE MALE INSTITUTE.—THE Fall Session of Oak Ridge, will open on the 27th of August next under the care and instruction of Rev. T. S. WHITTINGTON A. M., as Principal, with competent assistants.

Price of Tuition and Board as follows:—Tuition from $8 to $15 per session; Board $6 per month.

For further particulars, address the Principal, at Oak Ridge, Guilford county. N. C.

July 20th, 1857. 82::3m.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF GOOD COFFEE, just received and for sale by June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

SOMETHING NEW!
A FAMILY PROVISION STORE!

MRS. L. BENCINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

which will be sold cheap for cash.

☞ Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

DANBURY FEMALE SEMINARY, STOKES COUNTY, N. C.—This institution, located at Danbury, N. C., in the midst of the romantic mountain region of North-Carolina, and within a short distance of the Piedmont Springs, possesses unusual attractions; and the rare qualifications of the Instructors in imparting ornamental and useful learning, rank the Institution as one worthy of a most liberal patronage. Not only from its situation in one of the most beautiful and healthful portions of the State, but from the diligent and watchful care bestowed upon all who are placed in charge of the Principal, this School possesses peculiar advantages. Students are here prepared to enter any class in college. The Fall Session will open on the first Thursday in September, and close on the fourth Thursday in January following. The Spring Session will open on the same day, and continue twenty-one weeks. Pupils should consider the importance of being present at the opening.

Board can be had at from $6 to $7. Tuition in English course, $5—8—10, according to standing. Music $18; French $5. For futrther information adress ADA MOORE, Principal, Danbury, N. C. 6m

MELANOTYPES AND AMBROTYPES:—The Subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the ladies and gentlemen of Greensborough and vicinity to his Melanotype Pictures which are taken on sheet iron manufactured expressly for the purpose. In richness of tone, warmth of expression, completeness of detail, and boldness of feature, good Melanotypes are not surpassed for durability. There is no question of their superiority. They will receive a fall without a fracture, a bend without injury; may be washed off when soiled, be handled without the face being marred, unless abused by rough scratching which would deface the best oil painting; they are susceptible of high and very beautiful colorings; they are suitable for Lockets, Breast-pins, Rings, &c. The above pictures are taken and put up in a style not surpassed in the State.

Prices varying from **$1.00** to **$10.00**, according to size and quality. Transparent pictures put up by the New Silicated process.

Room No. 4 on 2nd story of Garrett's New Brick Building.

May 6. A. STARRETT.

TEXT Books, used in Colleges and Common Schools, kept constantly on hand by E. W. OGBURN.

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anker Brand Cloths of all Nos. from 1 to 11, inclusive, kept in full supply on hand. French Burr Mill Stones of any size, to order, and warranted, delivered at Wilmington, Fayetteville, or any Station on the N. C. Railroad.

R. G. LINDSAY.

April, 1857. N. E. corner of Elm & Market

SIX MINUTE CHURNS. ANOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.

JAMES M. TOWLES.

(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*